Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 75.—Vol. VI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 10, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d

Photo by *S. Ward*

Miss Mabel Green

Who started her theatrical career by successfully playing a leading rôle, that of "Marie-Blanche," one of the two *Little Michus*, at Daly's Theatre

No. 15.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Compatriots' Club Lectures." 1st Series. (Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net.)

"Aucassin and Nicolete." Translated by Andrew Lang. With Photogravures after Gilbert James. (Routledge: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Lord Beaconsfield." By T. P. O'Connor. New edition. (Fisher Unwin: 2s. 6d. net.)

"Mademoiselle Ixe" and "The Hôtel D'Angleterre." By Lanoe Falconer. New edition. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)

"James Watt." By Andrew Carnegie. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier: 1s. 6d. net.)

"Only My Fun." By Walter Emanuel. (Routledge: 1s. net.)

"John Inglesant." By J. H. Shorthouse. Reprint. (Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics: 2s. net.)

"The Locomotion Problem." By Charles Bright, F.R.S.E. (P. S. King: 1s. net.)

"Wild Ducks: How to Rear and Shoot Them." By Captain W. Cope Oates. With many illustrations. (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Christ in Shakespeare." By Charles Ellis. (To be obtained of Mr. G. F. Hilcken, Chief Librarian, Bethnal Green Library: 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Polo Annual for 1905." Edited by L. V. L. Simmonds. (Alston Rivers: 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS

"The Connoisseur" for May. (1s.)

"The World and His Wife." (6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 10, 1905

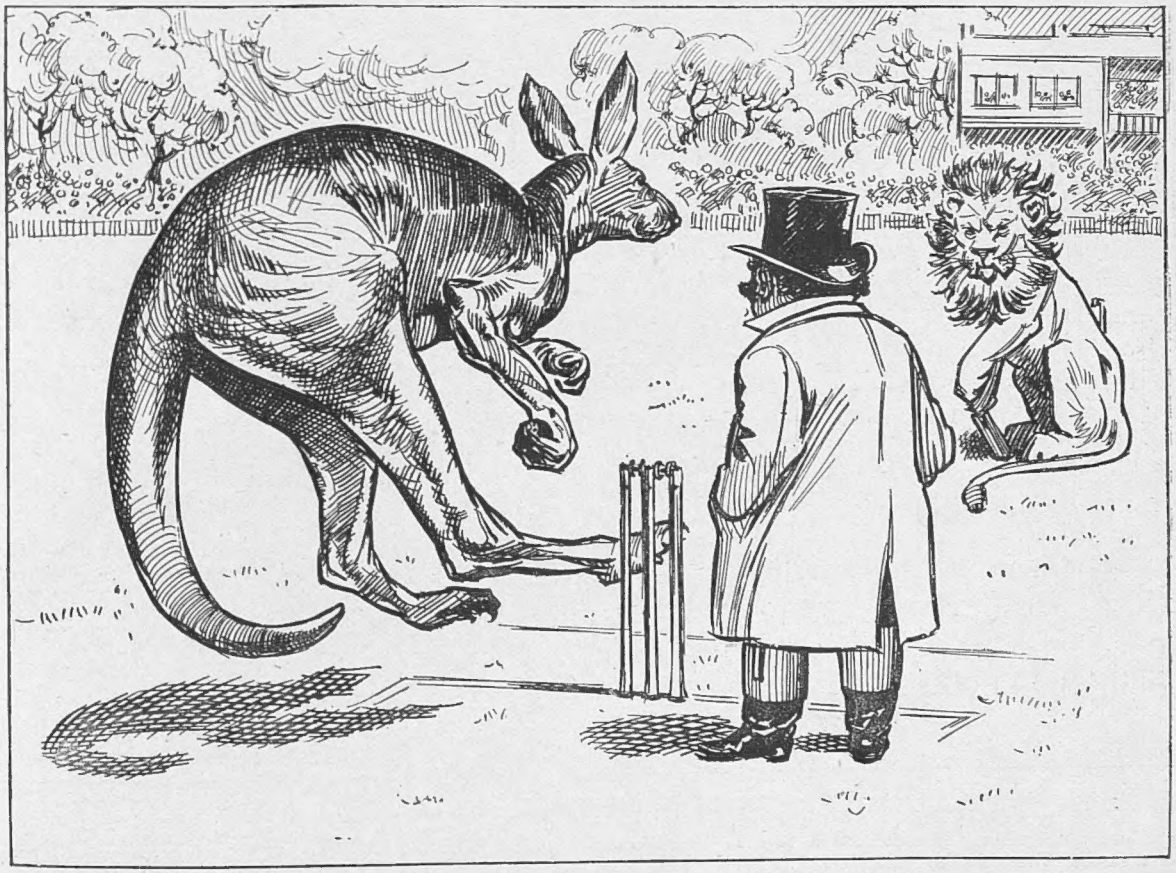
The whole of the United States—one might almost say the entire world—has been following the course of the trial of Nan Patterson with intense interest. Some dramatic scenes have taken place, as, for instance, when the widow of the dead man faced the prisoner in court, and the trial, though turning upon a simple fact, became complicated by many side issues. Eventually, in this, the third trial, which the young woman has undergone, the jury were not unanimous in her favour, though the majority believed in her innocence, and were discharged. The Public Prosecutor has entered a *nolle prosequi*, and Nan Patterson is once more a free woman.

* * *

It is rarely, nowadays, that a trial for murder takes place which stirs up the emotions of a nation almost to a state of frenzy. In England we have to go back to Mrs. Maybrick's trial to find a parallel case. Just now, however, there seems to be an epidemic. In Austria, in Germany, in Italy, and in France, there have recently been murder *causes célèbres*, and in nearly every instance we read of packed court-houses, and free fights among the public to obtain admission, in order, we suppose, to gloat over the misery of the unfortunate prisoners. The scenes in America in Nan Patterson's case; in Vienna, where a husband and wife were tried for a sordid murder; and in Turin, where a countess is now being arraigned on a charge of murdering her husband, have all been notorious for the discomforts, and even insults, women will undergo to satisfy this morbid craving for excitement—for sympathy it obviously is not. It is a lamentable indictment of women that they should be the first to want to gloat over the frailties of the human race.

* * *

To return, however, from the general to the particular, it seems to us that the acquittal—or a verdict of "Not Proven," as it virtually is in the case of Nan Patterson—is not erring on the side of leniency to the prisoner. Our readers will know the main facts of the story. A wealthy English betting man became infatuated with Nan Patterson, who was in the chorus of *Florodora*. He spent money on her, and neglected his wife for her. His wife at length induced him to leave the girl and to take a voyage to Europe. On the morning the boat sailed, the man was driving in a hansom cab with Miss Patterson, and was found, a few moments later, dead, from a wound with a revolver which was found in his hand. The question was, did he commit suicide or did the girl kill him? The prosecution tried to



"PLAY!"

The Grand Opera season is upon us

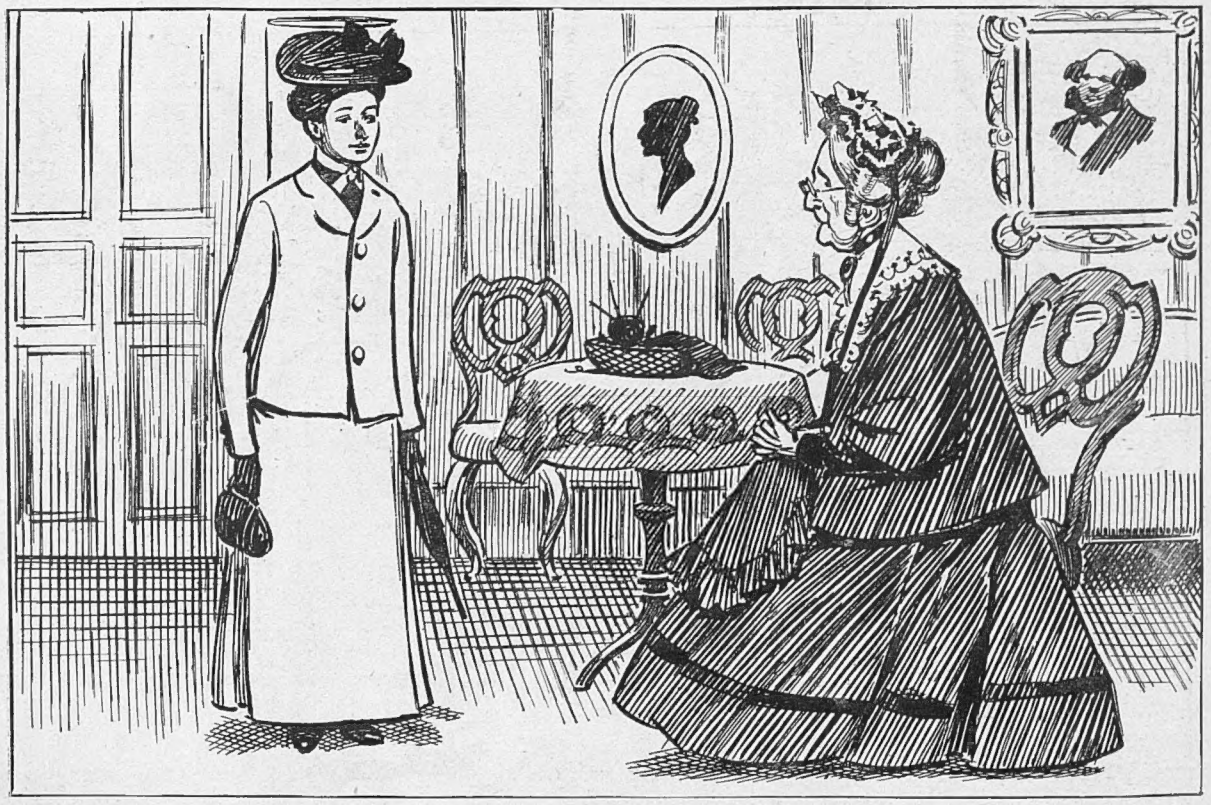
"Well, I never did!" *(and we can quite believe it)*

A young lady, who was surprised while kissing her fiancé in one of the rooms of a well-known ladies' club, has been requested by the committee to resign

prove that she bought the revolver, but failed. After all, murder, practically speaking, is always committed for one of two motives—through passion or for sordid reasons of gain. If Nan Patterson had murdered him through passion she could not have been influenced by sordid motives. The prosecution relied on the second motive. It insisted that the man had tired of her, and that she was determined not to let him out of her clutches. But, surely, it must occur to everybody that, if this was her determination, to assassinate him was, quite apart from its foolishness the worst thing she could do. To kill him was to kill the goose that laid the golden egg with a vengeance. In all probability, the last thing Nan Patterson wanted was to see her paramour dead.

* * *

If, too, she had fired the fatal shot, the case would have been a curious one. Murderesses very rarely have recourse to such crude methods as to spill their victim's blood in open attack. Some experts,



MILLENNIUM MEMS.—No. 3

"I love work, mem, and caps suit me to a T. Evening off, mem? I've no use for it, and as for followers—just let one of them chaps follow me, I'd teach him. I don't believe in 'em—no, mem. Oh, yes, ten pounds will do nicely, mem. I've no use for money"

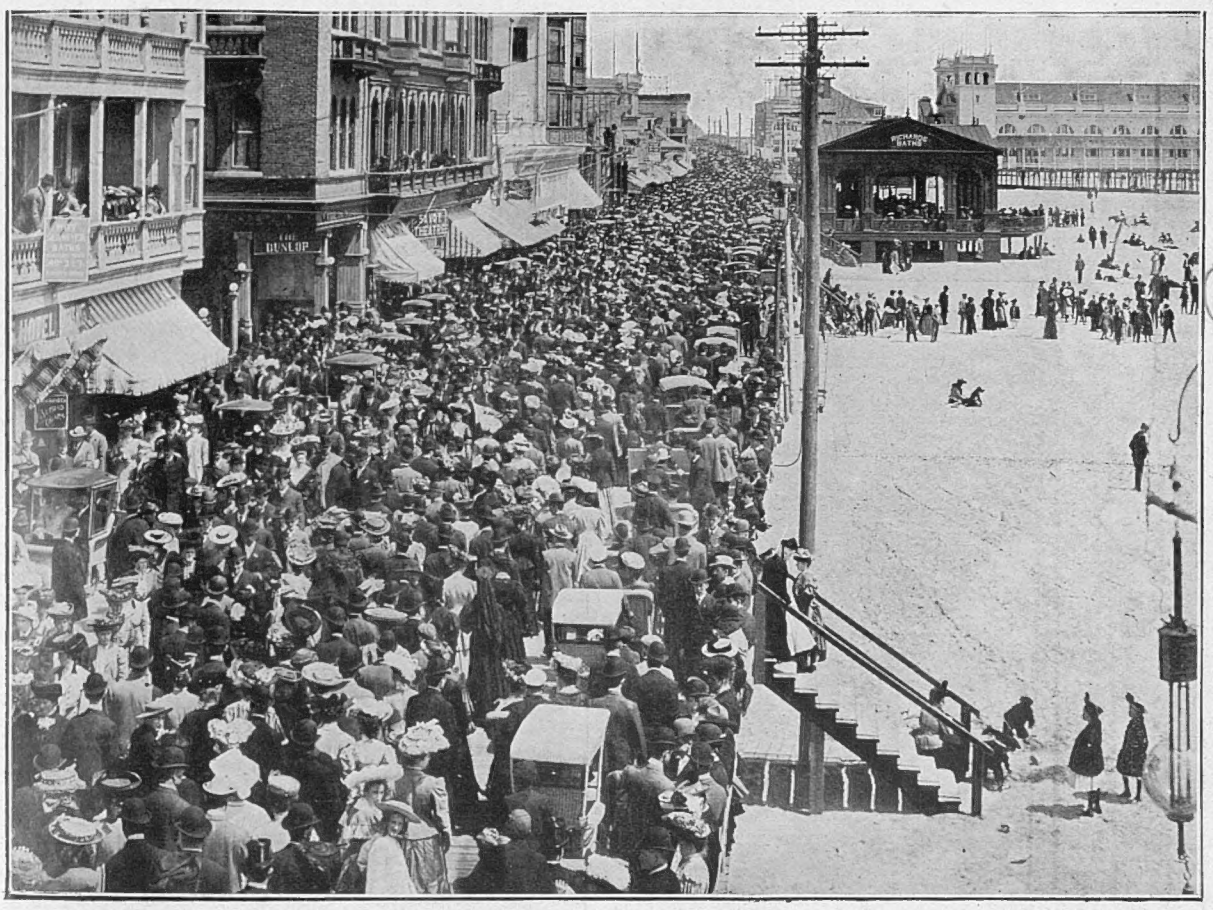
it is true, argued that the man could not have shot himself seated in a cab. But we know how much value to place on "experts'" evidence (*cf.* for instance, the expert evidence in the Beck and the Edalji cases), and where you can get an expert to declare one theory, you can get another expert just as easily to refute it. On the other hand, the assumption that the bookmaker shot himself is a straightforward theory. A man forced to leave a woman he is infatuated with is doing nothing very extraordinary—that is, according to the annals of criminality—in taking his life. It is, at all events, a far more plausible explanation than that Nan Patterson murdered him sooner than let him leave her for a trip.

* * *

The quarrel which has arisen on the subject of the West Indian Mail contract is an unsavoury one. The facts are these: For about sixty years the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have carried the mails to the West Indies to the satisfaction of all parties, and when tenders were invited in the usual way, the Royal Mail Company made the only response. The terms of their tender became known, but subsequently the Postmaster-General, according to his own statement, received a "private offer" for the contract, which proceeded, as was later known, from Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. The Postmaster-General then invited fresh tenders, the position of affairs being, that Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. had an opportunity of tendering with knowledge of what the holders of the contract were offering, while the Royal Mail Company had not the same knowledge about their rivals. The result was, that Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. secured the contract.

* * *

Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. seem to be in high favour with the "powers that be." They started some time ago to import bananas to Great Britain, being assisted in this desirable, if not absolutely necessary, attainment by a substantial bounty from the Government. It is, of course, to the interest of the State that as many tenders as possible should be encouraged for Government contracts, but, though we can assume that Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co. have tendered lower than the Royal Mail Company, the methods adopted do not seem fair, not to use a stronger word, and will go a long way to discourage bonâ-fide tendering. The West Indies are highly indignant at what they do not hesitate to call jobbery, and threaten to refuse to pay their share of the contribution This sort of thing does not conduce to that spirit of brotherly affection which those fervent Imperialists are always preaching to us to encourage. In the case of the West Indies, it is specially regrettable, for it is well known that, for some time, the United States has kept coveting eyes on these beautiful islands, and there is a strong minority in Jamaica in favour of annexation by our "Transatlantic cousins."



The annual Easter Sunday parade at Atlantic City, U.S.A., the popular seaside resort for "Easterners"

This year the scene was unique for the reason that the weather was fine and warm. On previous Easter Sundays it has either rained or been too cold for any display of feminine costumes

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., is an English knight, who was born in the Netherlands, like one of our kings of England. His work has always charmed the English public, and even the very newest schools, and the impressionists of yesterday, have and had many kind things to say of his first sketch for "The Roses of Heliogabalus.' As a matter of fact, he is a painter who could do anything he wished, and who has chosen a style particularly suitable to his temperament. It is said, that beneath his highly finished works lie many ruined masterpieces, and that he ruthlessly destroys much exquisite workmanship because he is not entirely satisfied with the composition or the colour. Certainly, his most famous subject pictures, the baths and terraces of ancient Rome, show a vast expense of labour and a constant sense of beauty. Many of his portraits, too, are remarkably beautiful pieces of work. One recalls the Paderewski at Sir Lawrence's piano, exhibited about 1892, and the Dr. Epps, watch in hand, at the bedside of a patient, and many another excellent in the detail of the likeness and in the elaboration of the environment. His latest work, "The Finding of Moses," has been as warmly admired as any that have come from his brush. His home must be a palace of the arts, for Lady Tadema and her daughter Anna are famous painters, while Miss Laurence Tadema's novels and poems have been widely appreciated.

Photo by *Mills*

Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Who is represented in this year's Academy by an important canvas, entitled "The Finding of Moses"

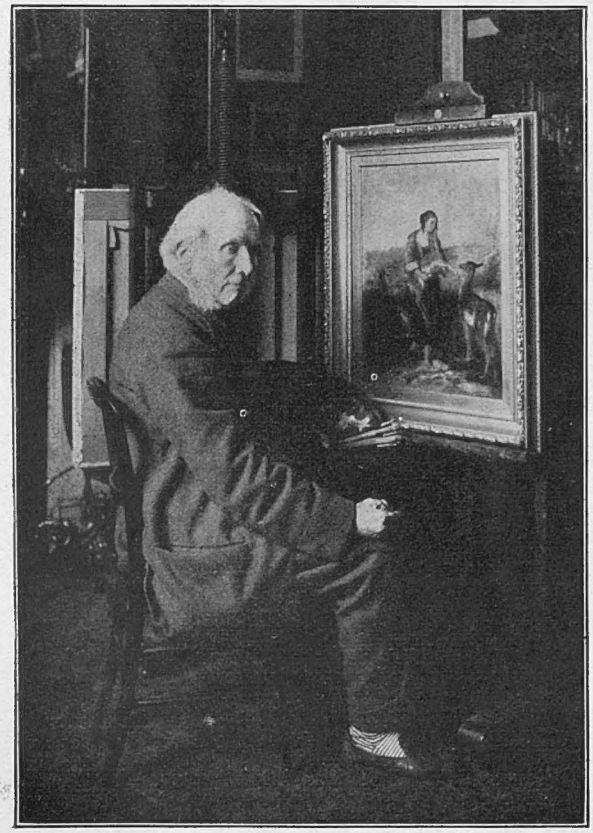


Photo by] **Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.** [*Bennett*

The veteran Academician, who is now on the honorary retired list, and whose picture, "Derby Day," and the series, "The Road to Ruin," have won him an universal reputation

Photo by] **Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.** [*Thomas*

Whose State portrait of Queen Alexandra in this year's Academy is a worthy companion to his great picture of King Edward painted three years ago

A Pretty Debutante

Photo by *Thomson*

Miss Nevill

Daughter of Lord and Lady Henry Nevill, and half-sister to the Marchioness Camden

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.

Mr. William Powell Frith, R.A., is one of the most interesting figures connected with the Academy. He is at once a classic and a contemporary. He was born when Waterloo was a recent event and people remembered highwaymen a little to the west of Marble Arch. His first picture, "Malvalio before Olivia," was hung in 1840. In the 'fifties of the last century, he was at the zenith of his fame. In 1854, her late Majesty the Queen bought "Ramsgate Sands." In 1858, the "Derby Day" was shown to a surprised and delighted world.

In near on fifty years the method of painting has changed, and the literary element, although still fondly admired, is subject to criticism. Where other painters tell a story, Mr. Frith was wont to produce a whole magazine of narrative, each part of his enormous machines showing some especial little history. Although the modern critic turns from these works with averted eyes, the public still love them, and the social historian of the future will find valuable material in the detail of their composition. Like Hogarth, Frith knew his period, and while *making* a picture of set purpose, and some artificiality, he never has forgotten to be truthful in detail and in spirit.

Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.

Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., has benefited by the literary spirit which animated the old work of the Academy. His famous "Casual Ward," "Village Wedding," and "The Doctor," tell stories which are at once popular and true. For he has simplified the old ideal, and brought to bear upon his subjects a skill and cunning that enable him to delight his fellow-craftsmen as much as the connoisseur. Born in the early 'forties, his work is as fresh to-day as when "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872. Although a master of the literary subject picture, his portraits have been equally excellent. The other day, at the Royal Academy dinner, the Prince of Wales particularly mentioned the dignity and grace of his fine portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, which ornaments the walls of Burlington House this year. Mr. Fildes is one of the many brilliant artists who began as an illustrator of books and magazines. He is said still to be greatly interested in these subjects, and to have a kindly eye on rising talent in that direction.

Mrs. Dermot Doyne (nee Alice Gertrude Brooke), whose marriage was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, last week

Mrs. Doyne is a follower of Lord Fitzwilliam's Irish Pack, for which Hunt her husband has acted as Deputy-Master for three years. Mrs. Doyne is seen in the illustration on her favourite hunter, "King William"

The Titled Father of "Big Ben"

A New Debutante

One of the prettiest of recent débutantes is Miss Marguerite Helen Nevill, who is the daughter of Lord Henry Nevill, and half-sister to the Marchioness Camden. On her mother's side, Miss Nevill was related to the late Lord Grimthorpe, whose portrait is given below. The Nevill family, the head of which is the venerable Marquis of Abergavenny, now nearly eighty years of age, is one of the oldest families in England, and various members of the family have played their part in the important crises which have affected our country. The second Baron received the honour of knighthood on the field of Tewkesbury, the third Baron was companion to bluff King Hal in the French wars, and was a leader trusted with important commands, while his successor was one of the peers who sat in judgment on Mary Queen of Scots. The family seat is the magnificent Eridge Castle, near Tunbridge Wells.

Photo by *Reutlinger*

Mdlle. Mariska Recsey

Who is appearing at the Palace Theatre with her performing horse. Mdlle. Recsey is a well-known Brussels society woman, who trains horses for a hobby

A Sportsman's Wedding

A wedding which excited much interest in Irish hunting circles was that of Mr. Dermot H. Doyne, D.L., of St. Austin's Abbey, Tullow, Co. Carlow, and Miss Alice Gertrude Brooke, daughter of Mr. Frank Brooke, D.L., of Ardeen, Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow. Both the bride and bridegroom have been ardent followers of Lord Fitzwilliam's Irish Pack, Mr. Doyne having acted as Deputy-Master for three years. The members of the Hunt, to mark their appreciation of the bridegroom's services in the cause of sport, presented him with a silver salver.

Mdlle. Mariska Recsey

Mdlle. Mariska Recsey, who made her first appearance in London at the Palace Theatre, on Monday, May 8, with her performing horse and pack of jumping wolf-hounds, has already created a considerable sensation in Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere on the Continent. Mdlle. Recsey has taken to the training of horses and dogs more as a hobby than as a profession. Although she works hard as a showwoman, and takes her work very seriously, she is quite independent of the salary which she receives. She is a well-known figure in the very smartest Brussels society.

The Late Lord Grimthorpe

Much regret was expressed in widely different circles at the death of Lord Grimthorpe a week before attaining his ninetieth year. Lord Grimthorpe was one of the most striking and interesting figures in the peerage. During a period of sixty-five years at the Bar (he enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest K.C.), he earned a large fortune by his cleverness as a Parliamentary lawyer and counsel, proved himself an authority on ecclesiastical matters, and last, but not least, has built for himself a distinct reputation as an architect and clockmaker. One complaint, however, some people made against his lordship, namely, that he was a man who liked to have his own way, to use a popular expression, and, when thwarted, he was inclined to wax sarcastic.

An incident which fully illustrates this trait in the character of the aged peer occurred some twenty-three years ago, after he had restored St. Albans' Abbey, at a personal cost of £130,000. Having expressed a desire to attend to the restoration of the churches of St. Michael and St. Peter, in St. Albans, some one

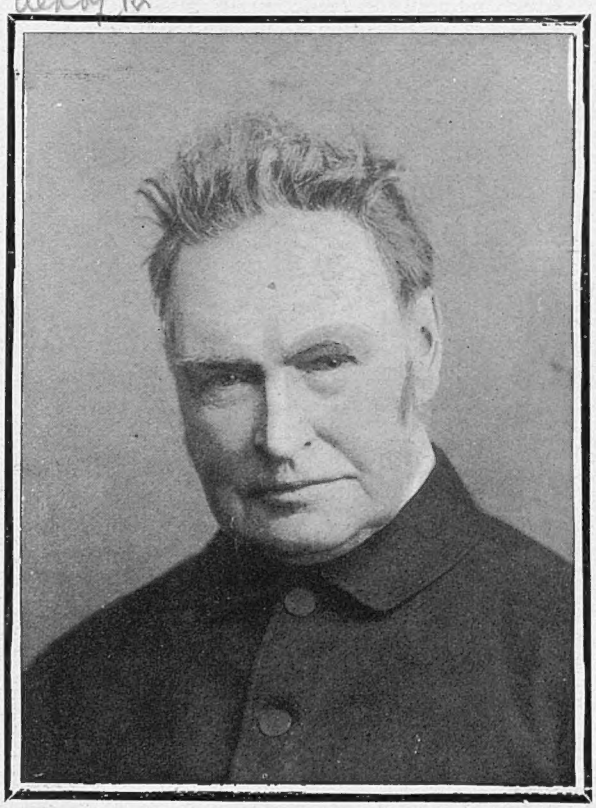


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The late Lord Grimthorpe

Who died suddenly a week before entering upon his ninetieth year. Lord Grimthorpe earned a great reputation as an architect and clockmaker, "Big Ben" being one of his "children"

Prime Donne at Covent Garden

Photo by Ellis and Walery

Mme. Suzanne Adams

The celebrated American opera singer

suggested that his lordship should have a committee to help him in the work.

"I'll not have a committee—no, not even if it is composed of angels," the peer immediately rapped out.

A curious and amusing fact, by the way, is connected with Lord Grimthorpe's work in connection with St. Albans' Abbey. The costly and distinctive style which he gave to the restoration of the church, actually led to the coining, by certain exasperated architects, of a new verb, "to grimthorpe." The word ultimately found its way into a new edition of a well-known American Dictionary, where "to grimthorpe" was actually described as "to spoil an ancient building by lavish expenditure."

Lord Grimthorpe, however, always exhibited a tendency to be very generous with his own money in paying for the renovation of old churches. When some one remonstrated with him on one occasion for spending £20,000 on the restoration of a certain church, he is said to have replied:—

"I consider my money is far better spent than if I follow the example of some of my *confrères* and kept a racing stable"—with which remark, doubtless, a number of people will agree.

The aged peer's fondness for architecture was always surpassed by his passion and talent for clock-making, and as many people are doubtless aware, "Big Ben," the largest, and, probably, the finest public time-keeper in the world, is one of his lordship's "Children."

Frau Wittich

As Brünnhilde

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Miss Agnes Nicholls

Who sings in the *Ring*

Photo by Ellis and Walery

Mme. Kirkby Lunn

As she appeared in *Salome* last year

Prime Donne at the Opera

Among the artistes engaged for the present opera season, several are of special interest to the English public. Frau Marie Wittich, owing to the indisposition of Fraulein Ternina, has been engaged to sing in the *Ring*, and our photograph shows her in character as Brünnhilde. She is new to us, though she has a great reputation in Dresden, and this she has not been slow in vindicating. The other singers

Photo by Ellis and Walery

Miss Edna Thornton

Who makes her début at Covent Garden this season

The Coronation of Her May Majesty

whose portraits are given are British or American by birth. Mme. Kirkby Lunn will be remembered as winning golden opinions in the first production of M. Massenet's *Salome* last year. Mme Suzanne Adams, always a favourite with English people, made her début some ten years ago, and had been singing at Covent Garden since 1898. Miss Agnes Nicholls is an old pupil of the Royal College of Music, and has reached the opera stage by way of the concert platform; she made a great success last year, which led to her engagement for this season. Miss Edna Thornton makes her début at Covent Garden this year; she sang with much success in *Ib and Little Christina*, and is also well known on the concert platform.

Princess Victoria of Wales
Who has just celebrated her eighth birthday

May Day at Whitelands

The festivities of May Day were celebrated at Whitelands College, Chelsea, on Saturday last, according to the custom instituted there by John Ruskin.

The Throne Room was the scene of the last court of the May queen of 1904, who was about to abdicate in favour of her successor. After a short address by the Principal, the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, in which he mentioned the name of John Ruskin with grateful remembrance, the voting papers were collected, and the name of "the lovablest and likeablest" girl — Miss Evelyn Farthing — was announced. May Day revels began, and to the song of "Joan to the May-pole," the rustic dance of the village green was performed before the assembly. Then, at the summons of one of the court chamberlains, followed a masque of the seasons, in which the songs and dances and tasteful dresses made a beautiful pageant of the year.

The coronation of the queen followed in the Coronation Chamber, where the queens of previous years assisted in the ceremony. Queen Evelyn was crowned with apple-blossom, and invested with the gold cross, after which she received the homage of her subjects. Then a stately procession passed to the Throne Room, where May Day gifts were distributed by her May Majesty.

Photo by *Russell*

May Day Celebrations at Whitelands College, Chelsea: The Throne Room on May Morning

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN

"Romeo and Juliet"

AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

Mr. Lewis Waller, as Romeo

Miss Evelyn Millard, as Juliet

Photos by

Miss Mary Rorke, as Juliet's Nurse

Mr. H. V. Esmond, as Mercutio

Langfier

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

St. James's Theatre

"JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P."

To turn the improbable into the probable is, on the stage, a difficult, but not an impossible achievement. For this reason, the story of *John Chilcote, M.P.*, might have been picked out of a heap of volumes as the one which presented most difficulties to the adapter; on the other hand, as the one which would most repay the adapter for surmounting those difficulties.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston has not touched success with his version. It is a version neither smooth nor workable. It abounds in those ragged ends so fatal to a dramatic work. Interest, in consequence, is not aroused until the play is nearly done, when, like a flash, what should have been the central motive, reveals itself from the mass of false issues which have obscured it.

This motive is formed by the relation between John Loder, masquerading as Chilcote, and Chilcote's wife.

Chilcote has killed his wife's love for him by his degrading habits. Loder, the man of action, with no trace of the irritability of the neurotic Chilcote, recalls to the wife the memory of the husband of former days. Her love for him is born again. Loder fights against his affection for Mrs. Chilcote—this is explained, like many other things in the play, by another character when it is too late to be very effective.

The one dramatic moment in the piece is afforded by the discovery of Loder's identity by Mrs. Chilcote. This motive might have been strengthened at the expense of the troubles in Persia—a damnable iteration—and other rather wearisome issues.

Mr. Alexander cleverly contrasts the two characters, but it is uphill work, the actor being given no chances by the adapter until the play is almost at an end.

Daly's Theatre

"THE LITTLE MICHUS"

Comic opera, after many false starts, is now fairly on its way to revival. This delightful state of affairs is due in great part to the magic of Messager, who has repeated, with *The Little Michus*, the great success he achieved with *Veronique*.

The new "musical play" started an odds-on favourite, because M. Messager had shown before, that he could write music which is light, fanciful, yet scholarly. These three attributes distinguish the score of *The Little Michus*, which contains not a single commonplace number.

The first note of success was struck early in the piece with the duet, "Two Little Maids"—with its haunting, lilting refrain. The audience clamoured to hear this repeated, but the wise rule at Daly's—no encores—was strictly enforced. Throughout the evening, there was a tussle between audience and M. Messager, who conducted, but the composer was victorious in every single case. If he had weakened, the production would have ranked among those *premières* which, for various reasons, have continued past the stroke of midnight. There is nothing further to say about the music—it is of the quality which the town will hasten to hear, not once, but again and again.

Without an adequate, I will not say a good, book, the best of music is occasionally liable to be wasted. In its present state, the story of

Mr. George Alexander, as John Loder

John Chilcote's Double

Mr. George Alexander, as John Chilcote

John Loder's Double

Mr. W. J. Thorold, as John Loder

When Mr. Alexander is John Chilcote, John Loder's Double

Mr. W. J. Thorold, as John Chilcote

When Mr. Alexander is John Loder, John Chilcote's Double

STAGE DOUBLING: THE ALEXANDER-THOROLD CASE

Mr. Willie Edouin
General des Ifs

The Little Michus is adequate, and to work it up is merely a question of time. Mr. George Edwardes and his clever company have done it before, and will do it again.

At present, the humours of the story are not sufficient to go round among the cast. "Huntley Wright hasn't enough to do," was an exclamation heard on every side. "No, more has Louis Bradfield," came the colloquial rejoinder. In a few weeks' time there will be less reason for these plaints.

Mr. Willie Edouin is the central figure of the piece. Round him revolve the most humorous situations. These he supplements in his old and inimitable manner.

No one can give as much point to vituperation as can Mr. Edouin. "Sir, you are an idiot — an id-i-ot!" he says, and the house rocks. I seem to recall a similar humorous summing-up of another's mental deficiency in *Amorelle*.

Mr. Bradfield is given few chances, but his song, "My Heart's a Weather Glass," is worth a round dozen of humorous lines. Mr. Bradfield could always sing a song with taste and expression. Of late, his voice has greatly improved in quality, and his capabilities as a singer are only realised when he is given the class of songs which fall to his lot in the new piece. The two little Michus, Marie-Blanche and Blanche-Marie, have plenty to do. Much interest was aroused by the performance of Miss Mabel Green, who made a very creditable début. She has youth, good looks, and confidence —rather too much confidence perhaps. If she were a little less sure of herself it would tend to make her performance more sympathetic. But this is a blemish easily remedied, and, indeed, an appearance of over-confidence is often the result of a very natural nervousness, the hold which a young performer is forced to keep upon herself giving an apparent hardness to the performance.

Miss Adrienne Augarde has a pretty, appealing expression of innocence, well suited to the rôle of the other little Michu, but her performance would gain in value if she varied it occasionally; a fixed expression of face is not sufficient to cover the different emotions arising out of an important character.

E. C. S.

Mr. Huntley Wright
Servant to General des Ifs

The Alhambra Theatre

There are few spectacles which have not been presented to the public in the form of animated pictures. The most striking achievement in this direction is that of the Alhambra management, which will shortly present actual incidents of the Russo-Japanese War.

These striking pictures, often secured at the greatest personal risk, illustrate not only the irresistible nature of the Japanese advances, but demonstrate also the infinite care and attention to detail with which their campaign has been conducted. From the departure of the Third Imperial Army from Tokyo, down to General Nogi's victorious entry into Port Arthur and the subsequent deportation of Russian prisoners, all the most important incidents of the siege are clearly and distinctly pictured. They will be shown in their entirety at a series of eight Wednesday and Friday matinées, on May 10, 12, 17, 19, 24, 26, 31, and June 2, at 3 p.m.; also (as to the first half of the series: The Siege) at the evening show from May 15 to 20, and (as to the second half: The Surrender) from May 22 to 27.

Mr. Louis Bradfield
Aristide, the shop assistant

Miss Adrienne Augarde
Blanche-Marie

Miss Mabel Green
Marie-Blanche

Mr. Robert Evett
Gaston Rigaud, the soldier

COMEDY LOVE-MAKING SCENE FROM

"What Pamela Wanted"

AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Lennox Pawle (*Sir Guy Farthingale*)

Miss Ethel Irving (*Pamela*)

Marriage has little effect upon Pamela's frivolous disposition. She makes her husband jealous by flirting outrageously with Sir Guy Farthingale, a comic baronet, known to his friends as "Puff Puff"

AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

Miss Ethel Irving's

FIRST ESSAY AT MANAGEMENT

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Leslie Faber (*Raymond Pardue*) **Miss Ethel Irving** (*Pamela*)

Pamela makes up her mind to marry "a good chap," and Raymond Pardue, son of the gay and debonair Lord Massingham, fills the bill. Pamela and Pardue become engaged after the briefest kind of a courtship

Random Jottings

To Clear the Air

It is rumoured that a Conference of Naval Experts will shortly be held to determine more exactly the whereabouts of Admiral Rohjdestvensky's fleet. The conference will particularly concern itself with the question as to whether a fleet can or cannot be in six places at the same time. If it can, a resolution will be passed to decide how the six places shall be spelt.

The Many-sided Academicians

A correspondent, who is annoyed at the current fashion of lauding the open-mindedness of the Japanese at the expense of England, writes pointing out how admirably the lessons of the Far Eastern War were impressed upon Royal Academicians at their banquet by Admiral Sir Edward Seymour. "The Japanese," he says, "may be up-to-date, but we have yet to hear that Marshal Oyama has impressed upon his officers the lessons of the Chantrey Bequest Commission."

No Comparison

Speaking, by the way, of the Royal Academy Dinner, Sir William Huggins' remark at that function, that Science brings back the age of Methusalah, was not, we believe, intended as any reflection upon the lesser claims of Art. Academicians do not, in any case, pretend that their art brings back any age more remote than the Early Victorian.

Unveiling of the Cross at Edinburgh in memory of the men of the Scottish Horse who fell in the South African War

The Cross is erected on the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle. It was designed and executed by Messrs. Stewart, McGlashen and Son, Edinburgh

A Gruesome Custom

The Anti-national-degeneration Campaign has been going strong during the past week. Two gruesome London customs have been abolished. One is the exchanging of stale bread for new—a custom which a good many people, we imagine, now for the first time learn to have been in existence, and shudder to think of. Personally, we should have elected to be brought up on buns had we known of the practice earlier. Unless buns are also exchanged when stale, and sold to railway buffets, as many people believe. The horrid part of the business is that it sets me wondering what other mediæval customs are still sanctioned by bakers and butchers and other retailers of the necessaries of life. Some enterprising journal might well devote itself to trying to find out.

Doom of the Slate-Pencil

The other custom upon which sentence has just been passed is the using of slates and slate-pencils in the L.C.C. schools. A clean slate may be a possibility—though the smell o' them, when washed, comes back uncomfortably to us after many years—but a clean slate-pencil, at an elementary school, is not a possibility. The reason for this—as the Education Committee has pointed out—is that nearly all the children suck their pencils during lessons, while, at the end of the day, quite all the pencils get mixed. The consequence is that on the following day every child is sucking the pencil which some other child or children—— But we need not enter into details. Education, like other things, must have its victims, but, perhaps, there will be fewer of them now that the public slate-pencil has been condemned

"The Beauty Quest"

(Under this heading the DAILY EXPRESS *has been describing "How to do the Every-day Things well." By the aid of our Beauty Expert, we are enabled to add a few hints.)*

The Perfect Smile

1. How few of our Society dames can boast a perfect smile! Even dowager-duchesses sometimes show a lamentable deficiency in this respect. A simple method of improvement is to call in—for from fifteen to twenty minutes a day—an ordinary Italian organ-grinder, and present him with successive threepenny bits. Imitate carefully the expression of his mobile face, as each coin is handed to him, and if, at the end of six months, you are not known as the Sunbeam of Belgravia, try living at Clapham.

A Good Balance

2. What is more *chic* than a well-poised woman? Yet many of our smartest set lack a proper poise, and are apt—particularly when walking on a kerbstone or descending from an omnibus—to betray a want of real grace. Tight-rope walkers are, of course, the model for those who would excel in this matter. A stout Manilla stretched across the

DRAWN BY ROSSI ASHTON

boudoir, some ten feet from the floor, will afford ample opportunities for practising the art of poise; and a couple of hours daily for ten years will make practice perfect. The precaution, however, should be taken of placing below, either some soft rugs—or the butler—as a fall from such a height is apt otherwise to entail serious discomfort.

How to Stand

3. An awkward woman is never more at a loss than when standing. Practise at home to prepare yourself for any emergency that may require a standing position: *e.g.* a crowded railway carriage or the summer sales. Stand with your back to the wall, touching it with your heels. Now force the body back against the wall, bringing as much of it in contact as possible. Remember that the wall can easily be re-distempered at a moderate cost.

The Way to Walk

4. When walking, the ball and heel should touch the ground. Nothing is so smart as a graceful walk, and by imagining that some one else is carrying your weight (an easy conception for women under twelve stone), you will find that a wonderful buoyancy is imparted to your steps. Should a police-constable make the mistake of arresting you, demand at once to see the prison doctor. This is most important, as he will be able to certify that there is nothing the matter with you, except a desire "To do the Every-day Things well."

Marriage à la Mode

[Although separated by a distance of 2,000 miles, Miss Mary Slaughter, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Mr. James Murrell, of Fort Mackenzie, Wyoming, were married yesterday by telegraph. Clergymen were stationed with the bride and bridegroom at each end of the wire, and the questions and responses were alternately telegraphed. —DAILY PAPER.]

Yesterday the long-distance wedding record was broken by a young couple (residing respectively in Pittsburg, Pa., and Virginia City, Ma.), who were united by telephone and cinematograph, assisted by the Rev. Cornelius P. Tupper and the uncle of the bride.

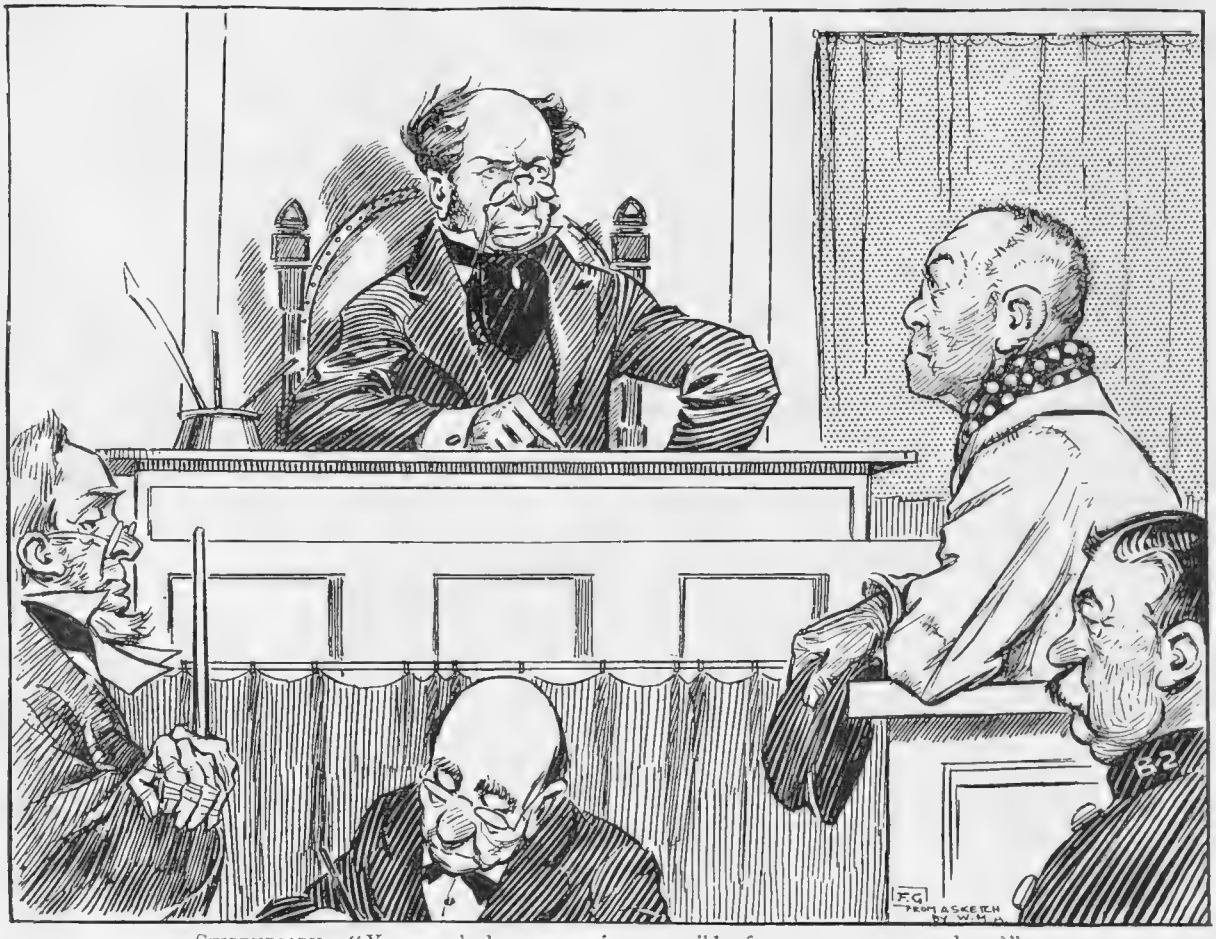
The service was fully choral, the music being laid on by electrophone at both ends under the direction of the New Century Pianola Company, of Louisville, Ky.

After a short wireless address from the officiating clergyman, the familiar "Bridal March" from *Lohengrin* was excellently rendered by the Gramophone Orchestrelle Company, whose services had been specially engaged for the occasion.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy pair simultaneously left, and entered their 20 h.-p. Washington-Irving cars, in which they had arranged to meet each other half-way at Jefferson City.

The honeymoon, it is stated, will be spent very quietly in an airship, which has been placed at the disposal of the happy pair by the father of the bride.

The bride was appropriately dressed in electric blue, with heliograph trimmings, and a hat to match.



STIPENDIARY: "You say bad company is responsible for your appearance here?"
PRISONER: "Yes, yer wushipp—two constables and a sargint"

DRAWN BY F. GILLETT (From a sketch by W. M. A.)

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter XIII.—IN AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRE

"'Burn a tract of land in front of the fire, and it will stop'—hope that's right—I'm getting tired"

Paris Acclaims King Edward

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. VENNING

Monsieur Paoli, "the man who makes the King's ways easy," was standing in the lobby of the Hôtel Bristol, chatting with two or three journalists.

"The chief wish of His Majesty," he said, "is to be quiet, to pass unnoticed and unrecognised."

And, as the genial old Corsican said this, the loud and not too tuneful strains of "God Save the King" in Anglo-French drifted in from the street. "*Et sa Majesté qui est tout près de la fenêtre!*" cried M. Paoli, with a despairing gesture, and hurried out to beg the crowd to moderate its transports.

One wonders, somehow, whether the wish of King Edward, expressed so frequently since his arrival, that he should be allowed to walk and drive about the streets of Paris unnoticed, uncheered, and, if possible, unrecognised, be an expression of his real wishes, or whether it be merely a tactful way of making it quite clear that this visit to Paris is an unofficial one.

An "Unofficial" Visit

Unofficial it may be, but it has been seized upon by the Parisians as an opportunity of showing the cordiality of their feelings towards our country's King, which cannot but be extremely gratifying to every Englishman. And this is all the more so, that most Englishmen, who know the French at all, are well aware that, in the bulk and individually, French people like us not, although they may be too polite to say so, while as a nation, France has much the same fear of England's diplomatic gifts, as we, in England, used to have of those of Russian statesmen. These feelings it has been the King's purpose to smooth over, and he has succeeded in an extraordinary manner. For although, at the back of every Frenchman's head, distrustfulness of England's politics (of knavish tricks I will say nothing) may still persist, Frenchmen are now convinced that it is in England's own interest to remain France's friend, to work hand in hand with France for the preservation of peace, and (why should I not say it when all men are thinking it?) against the malign influence, in European and in Eastern politics, of Germany.

The King's visit to Paris

A "midinette" buys a picture post-card of the King at a kiosk, "*Comme il est beau!*"

The King's visit to Paris

English and French enthusiasts singing the National Anthem, in the rain, outside the Hôtel Bristol

"Un Roi Bon Enfant"

As for the personal popularity of His Majesty in Paris, that has become remarkable, and it has been amusing to hear the different reasons for this popularity, as expressed during the last week in different classes of Paris society.

On the evening of Saturday, April 29, I stood in the rain on the Place Vendôme, outside the Hôtel Bristol. His Majesty had arrived there from the Gare de Lyon some ten minutes earlier, and a crowd of several hundred people, French and English, had been cheering themselves hoarse and singing "God Save the King." But His Majesty, doubtless fatigued with his journey, had not appeared upon the hotel balcony.

"*Oh mais, je le verrai!* Oh, but I will see him! If I have to wait here in the rain all night until he goes out again to-morrow morning. I will see him," said a little French work-girl, to her companion. I turned and asked her why. "Why?" she exclaimed. "Why? why, because I love him well, your King Edouard. *C'est un roi bon enfant.* That is the kind of king we ought to have in France. Ah! if he were king here, there would be balls and parties, and it would be good for dressmaking." And with this curiously, and essentially feminine and *petit bourgeois* Parisian way of looking at things, the little work-girl chirruped, "*Vive le Roi*," again with all her might. The crowd took up the cry, and once again, "God Save the King" was sung.

Presently, His Majesty appeared in a room on the ground floor where nobody expected to see him, and sat down at a table near the window. The blinds were up, the curtains were not drawn, and as he sat there looking over papers, we all of us could see how well and brown he looked. And the good taste and national tact of a Parisian crowd showed itself instantaneously. We had been noisy, almost uproarious, a few moments before; but with the view of the King quietly at work, and as it seemed unconscious of its presence, the crowd fell back, well away from the window, and remained silent as long as His Majesty sat there. Half an hour afterwards, upon his disappearance, cheering broke out again, and the little work-girl I have mentioned danced off delightfully, saying to her companion: "*Je te le disais bien qu'on le verrait. Quel chic type tout de même!*"

The King's visit to Paris

Enthusiastic Frenchmen salute anyone who in the least resembles His Majesty

On the Sunday I had been lunching with some friends, French people, and it was there that I heard the second remark about His Majesty which was a key to the delight which the Parisians are taking in his visit to them. Discussion naturally turned on the King's popularity in Paris, and a lady remarked, "You hardly realise it, possibly, but I may tell you that we here in Paris have our great admiration for your King, mainly because he is the only real man *(le seul roi vraiment homme)* upon a European throne."

During the visit of the Tsar to Paris, immediately after the Franco-Russian alliance, Parisians, as readers of this paper may remember, to all intents and purposes went mad. Russian sailors were mobbed and embraced in the streets, the shops altered their signs to others with philo-Russian inscriptions on them, and, in a word, Paris became more Russian, far, than was St. Petersburg, and yet nobody felt or expressed an enthusiasm for the Tsar's personality.

Picture Postcards of the King

In Paris, during the King's visit, there have been no such signs of popular effusiveness, but, in a manner, taking its tone from the quiet and good taste of King Edward himself, the Paris public has lost no opportunity of showing how greatly it appreciates the kindly feeling which is being shown. At the newspaper kiosks on the Boulevards, where, in addition to the newspapers, picture postcards are for sale; postcards with the King's portrait on them have risen in price, and during the last few days of the visit became almost unobtainable. People of all classes bought them, every newspaper made a point of producing at least one or two photographs of His Majesty each morning, and—this was a most amusing feature of the popular determination to make King Edward welcome—a press colleague, who bears some slight resemblance to His Majesty, and who lives in the Boulevard des Capucines, was frequently cheered, and cheered to the echo, by folks who thought that he was King Edward, out for a quiet stroll on foot.

At the Comedie Francaise

But of all demonstrations quite the most remarkable was that at the Comédie Française on Monday evening, when His Majesty was present in the Presidential box, at the performance of M. Lavedan's "Le Duel," which, by the way, he thoroughly enjoyed.

Etiquette had been strictly maintained, and, as the King was present as an ordinary visitor, the quaint old ceremony of reception at the foot of the stairs by the Director of the Comédie, bearing an immense silver candlestick to light the Monarch to his box, was not observed. Nor had there been any official announcement of his visit to the theatre that evening, but Paris had got wind of it, every seat in the house had been taken early in the morning, and every seat, from stalls to topmost gallery, was filled long before his arrival. When King Edward, dressed in plain evening dress, and wearing the insignia of the Légion d'Honneur, appeared in President Loubet's box, the whole house rose as one man, shouted "*Vive le Roi*," and would have sung the British National Anthem, had their been any unanimity as to the tune and words.

The King's visit to Paris

An unexpected private view of the King quietly at work in his apartments at the Hôtel Bristol

CONCERNING SIR WILLIAM CROOKES

(NO. 75 OF THE SERIES)

Just twenty years ago Mr. William Crookes, then a youth of forty-three, received from the Royal Society the coveted Royal Medal, for chemical and physical researches. He had done great things in the preceding fifteen years, which some regard as a man's best period: but he had scarcely begun that long series of discoveries, small and great, which has put him in the popular position of a leading magician of natural science.

It was the resolve of Professor Crookes to make himself the leading authority on Nothing; and to-day there is no man in the world who knows so much about the subject. The "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society call it "the study of molecular physics in High Vacua." In many successive volumes of that enthralling publication the name of Crookes may be met with: he became F.R.S. in 1863, and he has kept that great society busy ever since.

He gave it an especially stimulating jolt in the year 1861, before his election, when he suddenly appeared with an entirely new and original metal, Thallium by name, and insisted on its incorporation in the list of elementary bodies. Thallium was difficult stuff to handle. It took Professor Crookes eight years hard work to find out its atomic weight. Thallium is one of the things which have to be loved for themselves alone: for it is not of the smallest use in the world. There is no money in it whatever. It was otherwise with another discovery made by the Professor about this time: that of the Sodium amalgamation process for separating gold and silver from their ores, which is the most economical known.

Still another of his early discoveries was *The Chemical News*, which he founded and began to edit nearly fifty years ago. He is still its proprietor and editor, and it stands, as it has done from the first, high among the technical papers. In 1864 he became editor of *The Quarterly Journal of Science*, another contemporary for which THE BYSTANDER feels the maximum of esteem.

Radiation and all the phenomena thereof: these, in combination with high vacua, formed the romance of Professor Crookes' life from 1872 onwards. Most of us know what an ordinary incandescent electric light looks like. But few of us know that the Jury of the International Exhibition of Electricity at Paris, in 1881, declared that such lamps would have been impossible "had it not been for these extreme vacua which Mr. Crookes has taught us to obtain." Among his thickly-crowded honours, by the way, is a gold medal and an "extraordinary prize" of 3,000 francs from the Académie des Sciences.

His Radiant Matter researches, which are as important to science as any work ever done, earned him the Davy Medal in 1888, and directly led to the marvellous developments of Röntgen's rays and the metal Radium. But his activity as a man of science scorned all limits. He is a great authority on Sewage, on the manufacture of Beetroot Sugar, on Cattle Plague, and on Dyeing and Calico-printing. All Metallurgy is familiar to him. He has formulated a theory of the evolution of all the elementary bodies from one primordial stuff. He uses a spectroscope as easily as most of us use a fork. He has been President of nearly all the scientific societies worth mentioning. He has invented the Radiometer and the Spinthariscope, among other appliances. In 1897 he became a Knight.

The most remarkable of his many books is his "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," published thirty years ago, which proclaimed him a believer, after the stripping off of much fraud and folly, in the scientific truth of many things hitherto thought below the notice of Science. From those views he has never retreated.

NETS!

An Ode to the Coming Cricket Season

Now the call of cane and leather—now the day for swing and drive—
New the paint on old pavilions—flannel-clad the men arrive—
Fresh and keen for leather-flogging—cutting, pulling, legging, slogging,
Banging ev'rything to heaven in the nets—nets—nets!
Foot and shoulder—(twist permitting)—oh, the reckless, frantic hitting
Of the leather crisply crashing in the nets!

Fresh the air of spring at even—tender green in fen and field—
Fierce and fast the demon bowler—virgin blades the batsmen wield.
Slim and slick left-handers breaking — wicket after wicket taking—
Driving frantic ev'ry slogger in the nets—nets—nets!
Wrist and body sharply turning—while the worried novice learning
Spends the ev'ning putting stumps up—in the nets!

Sweet the skyer as it rattles the pavilion's highest ledge!
Sweet the shooting drive that whistles to the primrose-dotted hedge!
With the joy of living growing—open breasts and faces glowing—
And there's chaff and healthy laughter in the nets—nets—nets!
Oh, there's something quite endearing, stirring, flushing, bracing, cheering,
In the golden hours of vigour at the nets.

Chase the scudding drives, ye fieldsmen, neat and fleet, alert as cats!
Snap the tempting tips, ye stumpers!—Hit and hit 'em hard, ye bats!
Cutting, gliding, placing, smiting, taking chances, pulling, fighting,
Playing as you play in springtime at the nets—nets—nets!
But the April night is falling—the pavilion lamp is calling—
One more whack!—now fill your pipe—Pull up the nets!

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

The Inventor of the Radiometer

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

MATTERS MUSICAL

Shall the Concerto Flourish?

Paris would appear to be a city of quick emotions, as well in music as in other matters. A certain small, young, and energetic section of the public object to exhibitions of virtuosity on principle, and have, therefore, made it their business to attend the Colonne and Lamoureux concerts whenever a concerto is announced, and to signify their displeasure by whistling and hooting between the movements. Police-court proceedings instituted against them have only served to establish their right to act in this manner, and the result has been to raise a storm of discussion as to the merits of the concerto. Its opponents maintain that the sole end and object of all concertos is to afford the soloist opportunities for "showing off," while its supporters affirm that the concerto is one of the highest forms of music. A sort of census has been taken of the opinions of the most eminent musicians in France, and this has shown a number of conflicting opinions. The true value of the concerto, however, would seem to depend, not on the degree of virtuosity required for its adequate interpretation, but on the amount of musical talent put into it by the composer. No one would care to deny that Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart, for instance, gave the world their very best in their concertos, and it is, therefore, doing them a great injustice to altogether ban the concerto simply because certain others were written with the direct intention of making demands on the player's virtuosity, irrespective of their musical merit.

Photo by Fellows Wilson

Dr. Hans Richter

A Question of Intervals

One point in connection with the affair is worth noticing. It appears, from the mass of evidence sifted during the police-court proceedings, that two-minute intervals between the movements of a concerto are customary in Paris. This is to be deplored, for every work deserves to be heard as a whole, and not as a disconnected series of isolated movements. Many a concerto, finely played here in London, has been spoiled for the listeners by the long pauses between the movements, during which people seem to consider themselves at liberty to move to and from their seats —but two minutes! Surely a few seconds *silence* would be more likely to meet the composers' intentions.

Mr. Lamond's Recital

One cannot pass by Mr. Lamond's Beethoven-Chopin pianoforte recital because, even if one does not in all cases agree with his convictions, they obviously make serious claims on one's attention. In the slow movement of the "Appassionata" sonata, for instance, instead of playing with the maximum amount of emotion, as is customary with many musicians, he gave a reading remarkably restrained and clear-cut, which was not by any means devoid of majesty. It was in a group of lighter Chopin pieces, however, that he was heard to best advantage, for, to tell the truth, the "funeral-march" sonata was rather a disappointment. In the middle section of the march itself, Mr. Lamond played his left hand a trifle before his right all the way through, a failing which would be sternly repressed in the amateur, and certainly did not make for success in this case.

Dr. Hans Richter

Last week saw Dr. Hans Richter back again at the conductor's desk at Covent Garden, none the worse for the illness which prevented him (much to the disappointment of musical London), from conducting an orchestral performance at Queen's Hall some weeks back. This is the third year that the famous Hungarian conductor has been responsible for the music at the Opera, and the public must congratulate the management and themselves that they have again been able to secure his services. He has lived continually in an atmosphere of opera for the last thirty years, and has justly come to be regarded as one of the chief authorities on Wagner. He has now finally settled in England, and was made a member of the Victorian Order last year. Those who have a good memory for dates will remember that Dr. Richter is now in his sixty-third year: his English reputation dates from shortly after 1876, when he directed the Bayreuth Festival.

London Choral Society

The London Choral Society has every reason to be proud of its energetic conductor, Mr. Arthur Fagge, and the ringing cheers which greeted him at the close of his recent testimonial concert, when the *Dream of Gerontius* was again presented, indicated his popularity among his own people and with the public. He has worked very hard with his choir and orchestra, and has achieved many successes during and since the days when he used to be conductor of the Dulwich Philharmonic Society. H. F.

ACADEMY PICTURES

(Second Series)

"A FOUNDLING" (114)
BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON

ACADEMY PICTURES *(Second Series)*

"AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY" (369). BY CHARLES M. Q. ORCHARDSON

"HOME ALONG" (535). BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

ACADEMY PICTURES *(Second Series)*

"SISTERS" (711). BY A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER

"THE CHEAT" (387). BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER

OUR SHORT STORY

ON THE BORDERLINE

By EDMUND C. YATES

At the round breakfast-table in the white-panelled morning room of a country house, scarcely a mile or so out of Shrewsbury, were sitting Edward Brabyn (whom a friend summed up as "a bundle of nerves and impulses"), his wife Agnes, and Horace Forsyth, old college chum and intimate. An observer, ignorant of these particular relationships, might, perhaps, have judged Brabyn the outsider: he sat apart, thoughtful over his meal, which he manipulated with the gentle, almost noiseless movements of the high-strung man who unconsciously avoids any jarring interruption of his thoughts. His general demeanour was in marked contrast with that of his companions.

The night previous, Brabyn had unexpectedly met Emily Spiller at the subscription ball in Shrewsbury. The meeting was one of those accidents, those "mere coincidences," that are so often heavy with destiny. Within an hour, the struggles of three years might as well not have been. Yet he had, as he believed, so steeled himself, that her unexpected appearance, at any time, should have aroused nothing more than the usual friendly feelings; but he knew well how to diagnose the sudden tremor, the internal warmth, and the quickened heartbeats he now experienced. He forgot everything in the first flush of feeling; though it was only a little later that he became once again aware of the shadow perpetually behind him. Yes, he was married. Married to that cold-hearted, superficial, worldly woman opposite (he glanced across the table at his wife); married, too, at a time when hot blood has most power to sway a man's destiny—in impulsive youth.

In time, however, he grew accustomed to her leadership, until Emily Spiller's coming fired him to concealed revolt.

But they had separated, and he tried hard to think he had never met her; and now was the old wound opened afresh.

Over his breakfast, he dwelt on that last night's meeting, deriving much pleasure, painful pleasure, from recalling his sensations and the scene; the wave of emotion—sweet and bitter commingling, defying definition—when he met Emily's eyes; his conventional phrases; the shock of fear when he fancied she read double meanings into his harmless words; and, too, his sudden embarrassment, when, later on, he looked around for the male companion he expected to see hovering near, and put his tentative question, "Have I kept you too long? I suppose your . . . your . . ." "My husband?" she helped him, laughing to cover the charming faint flush that mounted her cheeks.

"Yes," he admitted hesitatingly.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll not be likely to find him here."

There was something in her voice (or was it in the motion of her dark eyes?) that startled him.

"Then . . . you are not . . . ?"

"No, Edward, I am not," she had answered. But, of course, as he told himself, he could have no personal interest in the fact, yet he breathed more easily, as a man who wakes to discover that (thank goodness!) it was only a bad dream, after all.

As he drank his tea, he imagined the two women side by side for contrast, and his whole being revolted against his lot.

It was a tearing struggle against temptation; for his inclinations directed him to shut the ear Reason spoke at, and to listen only to the dictates of his passionate heart. And to ease his conscience, he sought some justification of his attitude.

Setting down his cup, he looked at Agnes. At this moment, Forsyth, whose social ambition was the achieving of a reputation for wit, and who took opportunity to exercise his undoubted ability on all possible occasions, had apparently just delivered himself of a *jeu d'esprit*.

He wore the look of a man who endeavours to shroud his sense of his own cleverness; but the indifference in his countenance was belied by the glistening activity of his eyes. Agnes laughed appreciatively, and, half-turning, bent forward to whisper; but she caught her husband's stare, and, for an instant, she looked like a detected child, yet recovering, smiled insolently, and addressed her companion in a low tone.

Her momentary discomfiture, however, was unnoticed by Brabyn, for the picture of his wife bending conversationally towards his friend swept him back in memory to a summer night, five years and more away, on an Italian verandah. He felt again the coolness, which came after the heat of the day; he listened to the murmur of waters on a distant sandy beach, and the nearer rustling of gently swaying trees; more than all, he recollected the magic touch of an abundance of dark hair on his cheeks, and the burning of eyes that shot a fevered impulse through his veins, and the touch of lips—ah! and now the light of the eyes was hidden from him, and the lips were cold. Marrying him, she attained the position she coveted. Was such a nature likely to remain content? No. And if not? But he hesitated to gaze into the possibilities that this prospect opened to his view.

During the morning he wandered restlessly through the grounds, several times interrogating the gardeners on trifling matters to which, on other occasions, he gave never a thought.

Frankly, the desire to see Emily again possessed him as might the traditional demon.

Forsyth and Agnes appeared to him so unnaturally quiet at luncheon, that he became uneasy. Did they suspect? He could not control himself. "Whatever has taken you two?" he broke out irritably. "You act like a couple of mummers—or plotters."

This latter suggestion by way of a feeble joke. Forsyth began picking meticulously at his plate; though Agnes stared glassily at her husband. "I begin

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Brabyn, pulling out a revolver, signed to Forsyth to come and sit opposite

DRAWN BY J. R. SKELTON

to think there is something the matter with you, Edward," she remarked, drily. "Don't you think, now, that *your* behaviour is just a trifle unusual?"

Towards half-past two, Brabyn had his brown mare brought round. For nearly an hour he rode hard, in the belief—or rather the vague hope—that he would

return chastened and more settled in spirit. But as he drew away from Milverton, and the rectory that sheltered Emily, he felt increasingly uneasy. As he himself put it: "I might, for all the world, be attached to *that place* by a huge elastic cord; the farther I ride away, the harder the pull becomes; and there will be either a break or a rebound soon."

Shortly afterwards, as he breasted a bluff somewhat half-heartedly, he abruptly swung the mare round on her haunches, and made for home again.

Agnes was coming downstairs as he strode into the hall. There was the faintest tinge of surprise in her tones as she inquired mildly, "What! back already? I thought we shouldn't see you before dinner-time."

"Neither myself nor the mare seems exactly in the mood for a long run," answered her husband shortly. "But I'm going out again," he volunteered. He intended to don walking dress and to go over to Milverton. "Oh, by-the-bye," he broke out, turning on the stairs, "Where's Harry? Is he likely to be coming for an airing." As he spoke, he was ashamed of his duplicity.

His wife replied, indifferently, "Harry is in the library, smoking. I think he will remain in." "Oh! all right," returned Edward.

He appeared to be in no hurry to go out again, however. In fact, he was worried by a host of objections and counter-objections, as he dressed slowly, carefully, before the glass.

Once Agnes called out from below to know whether he had gone; later, she entered the room without knocking, and stopped in surprise on seeing him.

"Hullo! I thought I heard your tread go down the avenue some time since?"

"All right, old girl," he answered good-humouredly. "You do seem in a more than usually deuced hurry to get rid of me."

She picked up some article, and remarking that she had come to look for . . . he lost the rest, she walked out.

It had long struck five when he came down. He took some tea, and as he left them, he said, "I'm going over to Spiller's and shall dine there probably, so I shall be back rather late, I expect."

He was merry-hearted the whole evening; bubbling over from excess of delight. Emily, however, was unwell, and retired early. He remained as long as decency required, and began his return soon after nine.

It was a warm night of early summer, and very dark (there was no moon), and only the most powerful stars seemed able to pierce the black curtain. He drove his dog-cart at a smart pace, and his chest swelled from enjoyment as he drove.

With generous intentions he ran upstairs and looked for his wife. No. Downstairs, perhaps. In the hall he met the butler.

"Has my wife . . . ?"

"Not come back from the station yet, sir."

"From the station?"

"Yes, sir; seeing Mr. Forsyth off, sir."

Brabyn felt confused, but a light was rapidly breaking in upon him. "Ah, thanks," he remarked. "Oh! by the way, when did Mr. Forsyth's luggage go?"

"This morning, sir."

"H'm! I suppose they have not been gone long?"

"Think not, sir. Twenty minutes, perhaps."

Brabyn stumbled up stairs, and instinctively went into his bedroom. As he expected, there was an envelope on the table.

It was Agnes' handwriting. Four or five fascinating lines.

He stared at them, read and re-read them, repeating the words separately under his breath. And his thoughts? There was one, at least, he did not wish to put into words, as, for relief, he ran down into the smoking-room.

He closed the door carefully, and stood still, uncertain, his hand upon the knob. Abruptly, he advanced and began clumsily to arrange one or two knick-knacks; opened a photograph album, and then raked viciously at the fire, rattling the poker between the bars of the grate. He was procrastinating. What should he do? But that question was the last he wanted to face. He knew he was on the eve of a struggle, and hesitated to grapple. His legs moved stiffly as he walked up and down the room; each sinew tightened. He flung into an easy chair, and attempted to compose himself by the careful filling and lighting of a pipe, pressing and relighting it. It was no good. He sat up spasmodically. "What a fool I am," he muttered. Suddenly he rose on his feet, passed into the diffused glow of a shaded lamp, and drew a miniature from a pocket. As he gazed, a change came, the tenseness of his face and figure relaxed. He rang, went to the door, and ordered the dog-cart. In five minutes he was on the road to Shrewsbury, a man up behind, and a bag under the seat, containing a few toilet necessaries. He drove fast, thinking hard. They were going to the Continent: so much had she confessed; and once there, if he proposed to follow them, they could easily evade him.

He had no difficulty in settling to his satisfaction the route they would probably choose; he was well aware of his wife's hatred of sea journeys; and, of course, that meant the Dover-Calais route. Consequently they would train to London. He ran over the departures for London. The Great Western was clearly out of the question, they ran no train after about 6.40 p.m. On the North Western there was the 5.40, and then—ha! no wonder she had been anxious to get rid of him before tea-time—the next, and last, was the 10.8.

The last? He pulled out his watch, and bending down, held it in the light from a side-lamp: three minutes past ten already.

He curled the whip gracefully round the horse's flanks; the light vehicle jerked and bounded ominously on the uneven road; he entered the town, and but a little while afterwards swung dangerously down the hill to the station. Edward glanced hastily at the yellow-faced clock—ten, nine. He tore up the steps. To his excited query, an apathetic porter replied, "Too late, sir, there she goes." Edward dismally watched two red lights become small and smaller until they vanished. "Did you particularly want to catch her, sir?" inquired a voice.

Edward turned an exasperated stare on his interlocutor.

"Because," continued the man, in a voice that betrayed no interest, "there's the 11.5 put on to-day—first day of the summer service."

"And she arrives?"

"Oh, she's due to arrive at Euston at 3.50 in the morning, two hours, you see, before the 10.8.

The thing seemed incredible. He would get to town first, and await their arrival. Undoubtedly they had been ignorant of the new service. Well, there was nearly an hour to wait. Brabyn thought it could never pass. At last he was in the train, which soon after swept out into the open country. Great stretches of meadow and clumps of woodland were sweeping silently by; fresh and sweetly odorous was the cool night air; a general sense of peace pervaded the land and, as it were, emanated from it.

(Continued on page 284)

A NATURAL CONCLUSION

JACK: "—And such nice curly tails, Sue!"

SUE *(reflectively)*: "Ah, I s'pects they're put into curl papers every night"

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

(Continued from page 282)

The pale, unquiet man standing in the compartment seemed to assimilate something of the natural peace; he pulled up the window and sank on to his seat, sighing with relief. The carriage swayed gently, drowsily, but the glare from the lights obliged him to cover them with the protectors. He made himself comfortable, and settled to watch the dark, ever-changing landscape flash by. Then he tried to sleep, but could not achieve more than a semi-consciousness, so that each successive phase and incident of the journey aroused him.

Nevertheless, he dozed during a period of quiet, and began to dream. But, after a while, half consciously, he found himself trying to perceive the cause of a peculiar grating sound, *behind* his dream, and, as it were, unconnected with it.

He awoke and listened; it was the vibratory grind of the brake.

The engine was screaming vociferously. He looked out, and a red, round light attracted his attention; immediately a second came into view, and there was dark shape above, and between them. These, surely, were the tail lights of a train they had overtaken. "Could it, by any possibility," and his heart pounded, "could it be the earlier London train? *Their* train?"

He was excited at the idea, and perhaps the crisis was rapidly approaching.

Backwards, the guard's van hummed mechanically by; he caught a glimpse of the official in the light of an oil lamp, chatting.

The yellow third-class carriages began to pass before him. He knew he should not find the runaways there, still, he could not refrain from scanning the occupants of every compartment that came within his view. There were some in semi-darkness, and the blinds of some were drawn. The first-class carriages came up. Brabyn slipped the door-catch and waited. Of a sudden his heart jumped. He got out quickly on to the footboard and shut his door. He must be quick. His own train was increasing her speed, and both were travelling at a high rate. A strong gust of wind sweeping between the carriages blew open his coat, and nearly snatched his grip. Measuring his distance, he jumped and grasped a handle and the brass rod which is affixed by the side of every door, and he caught a dizzying glimpse of swiftly rushing ground beneath. He made a protracted progress by several windows, quietly snicked open a door, and slipped in, quivering. Agnes and Horace were sleeping in opposite corners at the farther end.

Edward reflected, with discomposure, that he had not decided on any course of action. He sat himself gently down and tried to think. At the same time, it suited a slightly theatrical instinct in him to refrain from making known his presence. He leaned back with his cap slightly over his eyes. But, as he pondered, his glance wandered round the compartment and settled on the electric light, which, in one of the globes, repeatedly went out and came on again.

Suddenly he dropped his gaze, and, though he retained his outward composure, a suffocating sensation seized him for a moment; Horace Forsyth was awake, and was staring at him with fixed eyes.

"Good God!" gasped Forsyth.

Brabyn motioned him, threateningly, to keep silent, and then, pulling out a revolver at the same time, and placing it in his lap, he signed to him to come and sit opposite. Forsyth obeyed.

They were both of them weak-willed men, and Brabyn knew it. But he was also aware that, whereas he himself acquired strength under a prolonged strain, the approach of a crisis utterly unnerved Forsyth. The latter, as he came across, was evidently in a state bordering on terror. His legs shook, and his face was terribly pale, though he was making a strong effort to control himself. He did not speak, and, for a few moments the two men faced each other, silent.

Edward bent forward.

"I never thought you were a scoundrel, Horace," he said slowly, in a low, strained voice, "and I cannot think you one, even now. I'm not going to judge you, for justice would require I should judge myself first. No! Listen to what I have to say. I'm going to put matters straight between us. I'm going to do a very hard thing, and so, too, are you. Now, whatever my personal feelings are, in this case, and whatever be the facts between us, the world says you have done me a great wrong. You have betrayed our friendship, and you bring ignominy upon me by robbing me of my wife, also . . ."

"For God's sake, old man, hear me," interrupted Horace, piteously. "I accept the blame, the whole blame, but *do* not do me the injustice——"

"Speak lower," interrupted Brabyn.

"She can sleep through *this*," was the reply, with a hasty gesture, "and I have thought at times she can possess no conscience," he continued, sadly. "But you, now: do not think I have wronged you in cold blood. I have been mad, for I love Agnes, I believe, to the verge of madness, and she, I think . . . Oh! but I have been tempted, I have struggled, I tried to drag myself away, and I could not. I have no defence to offer, I admit. But I have an eternal grudge against that combination of circumstances, fate, destiny, call it what you will, that has reduced me to this level. And, besides," he hesitated, with downcast eyes, "I have meanly harboured a thought against you. . . . No!" he muttered to himself, "I will not."

"I think I know what you were going to say," said Brabyn. "You thought that on my part, also . . ."

"I did," returned the other.

"Tell me. Was this idea the result of your own observation, or was it suggested by my wife?"

"You are very hard on me," was the slow reply.

"I will not press you," answered Brabyn, "I can draw my own conclusions. But you were right. I tell you this with an object, as I have a plan to be put into practice, and immediately. The day is breaking, and we must waste no more time."

Pointing to the door, he said firmly, "You must go out there and climb along the footboard. You may enter any carriage you like; but you must leave *this*. Also, you had better leave the train at the next stop. My wife and I will go on to Euston and return—as soon as we may."

He almost broke down, and kept his face averted. Forsyth began incoherently; at last he stammered, "Surely, you don't mean it?"

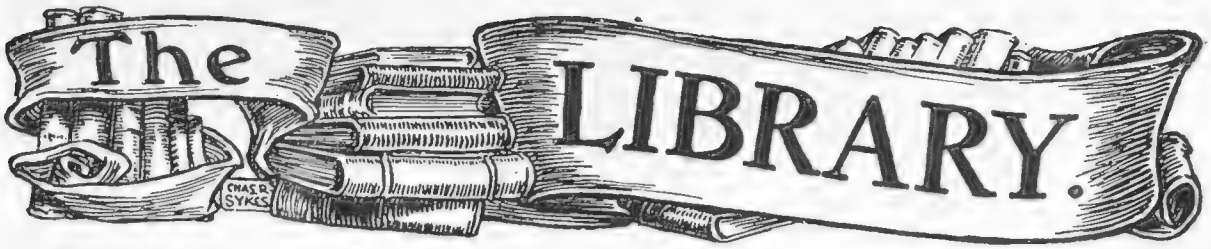
"Come," answered Brabyn huskily. "Good-bye . . . . I am sorry . . . it's hard, hard, but it is the only thing . . . . for both of us, old boy. Here, your hand. . . . God bless you."

He watched Forsyth climb awkwardly along and disappear, then he turned to gaze stonily at his sleeping wife. At last he sat down with a weary sigh, and waited.

The morn had come, cold and grey, and monstrous heights of jagged cloud piled the sky. The world was sad. An hour later the train steamed into Willesden Junction. The cry, "All tickets, please," penetrated the compartment.

Agnes slowly opened her eyes and looked at him.

EDMUND C. YATES.



London has had many lovers since the days of Charles Lamb, who quaintly confessed his affection, in a letter to Wordsworth, for "the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes"—all of which things were dearer by far to him than all the picturesque scenery of the Lake District. And though Mr. Herbert M. Marshall chooses another medium for his expression, his love for London is to be ranked with Lamb's. Seventy-five of his representative pictures are to be included in a new volume, called *The Scenery of London*, which will be issued this month by Messrs. A. and C. Black. Printed in colour, these will show London in all its aspects—by the river-side, in the narrow streets under the shadow of St. Paul's, on days of sunshine, and on the gray, dull days of autumn. The letterpress for the volume has been written in a discursive and interesting manner by Mr. G. E. Mitton, who collaborated with the late Sir Walter Besant in many of his works on London. Messrs. Black also promise, early next month, another book on London, to contain sixty sketches of the river, from *London to the Nore*, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

In Peace and War. Autobiographical Sketches by Sir John Furley. Published to-day. (Smith, Elder: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Soul of London. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 5*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. By W. J. Locke. Published to-day. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

Rose of the World. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

Dorset Dear. By M. E. Francis. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

NEW FRENCH FICTION

La Troisieme Jeunesse de Madame Prune. By Pierre Loti. (Paris: Calmann Levi; London: Hachette.)

The continued demand for the works of R. L. Stevenson has induced Messrs. Chatto and Windus to reprint three volumes of the famous stylist's works which hitherto have been obtainable only in the famous Edinburgh edition, of which only 1,000 sets were issued. Stevenson excelled as an essayist, and the titles of two of the volumes, *Essays of Travel* and *Essays on the Art of Writing*, will be sufficient to whet the appetite of all Stevensonians. The third book, *Tales and Fantasies*, contains one of Stevenson's most gruesome efforts in the way of supernatural stories, towards which he seems to have had a natural inclination, delighting, as he himself tell us, to read sensational French fiction in his leisure moments.

Messrs. Chatto also have in preparation a collected library edition of Mr. Swinburne's tragedies. These will be published in five volumes, the first two of which will contain *The Queen Mother*, *Rosamond*, and *Chastelard*, all of which were written when Swinburne was an undergraduate at Oxford, and while he was under the influence of Rossetti and Morris. But Mr. Swinburne was to achieve greater things when he broke away from all influences and struck out a definite line for himself, as the later volumes will show. Mr. William Sharp has recorded how George Meredith said of Swinburne, after the publication of *The Queen Mother*: "Wait till he mounts his own horse, and then you'll see how he'll ride—further than any of us foresees, I'll be bound." And herein the veteran novelist showed himself to be, as he always has been, a sound and farseeing critic. The tragedies will be companion volumes to the Collected Poetical Works just issued by the same firm.

The reformer, political, social, or religious, has always to fight a hard fight with conservatism, and it is seldom that his efforts receive due recognition until too late; the fight has worn him out, and he goes to his grave unhonoured, until such time as the world shall have caught up with his ideas. And modern theology is fast catching up with Renan, whose life by Dr. William Barry, is to appear shortly in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's series of *Literary Lives*. Renan could scarcely have a better biographer than Dr. Barry, who, besides possessing an extensive knowledge of French literature and criticism, is a student of Oriental languages and literature. Although Renan is best remembered for his "Life of Jesus," he was a profound Orientalist, and wrote much on philosophical matters. Born at Treguier, Brittany, in 1823, he was the son of a retail grocer. In fact, his father combined seafaring with the more prosaic business, his wife being left in charge during his absence. Renan was educated for the priesthood, but although he passed through many of the necessary stages, even receiving the tonsure, he never took the final step, owing to the actively critical bent of his mind. He afterwards distinguished himself highly as a scholar, and all his writings are characterised by singular charm in style. The new biography should prove an important addition to the series which, up to the present, contains such widely differing "Literary Lives" as Coventry Patmore, Charlotte Brontë, John Bunyan, Matthew Arnold, and Cardinal Newman.

Military readers will be glad to learn that a new edition of *Sherston's Tactics* is to be issued in a week or so by Messrs. Longmans, in two volumes. The work has been newly revised by Major Shadwell, and the price will be fifteen shillings.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Mr. Barrie's Birthday

Yesterday (Tuesday) Mr. J. M. Barrie was forty-five years of age, and no one is likely to be more sincerely wished "many happy returns," for Mr. Barrie, both as author and dramatist, has won the hearts of all. The sneer, the cynical criticism, of the less successful, is not unknown in the literary world; but Mr. Barrie has never been its subject. He is so securely entrenched in popular esteem that, in a sense, criticism does not greatly matter. He may even dare to ignore the accepted canons of literary or dramatic art with impunity, doing thus what would be fatal to lesser men; he is unique; he is Barrie! "Am not I a wonder?" he makes his Tommy say somewhere. He might say it himself, but that he is the very embodiment of modesty. No literary man in our time—scarcely in our history—has achieved such astounding success as Mr. J. M. Barrie, and withal he remains the quiet, unpretentious man who, twenty years ago, came up to London to win fame and fortune by his pen. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who was fêted the other night at a great dinner, which Mr. Barrie suggested and did much to carry to success, was editing the *St. James's Gazette* at the time, and had published some of Mr. Barrie's "Thrums" sketches.

Photo by W. D. Downey

Mr. J. M. Barrie

Who celebrated yesterday his forty-fifth birthday. Many happy returns!

I wrote and asked the editor if I should come to London (says Mr. Barrie), and he said no, so I went, laden with charges from my mother to walk in the middle of the street (they jump out on you as you are turning a corner), never to venture forth after sunset, and always to lock up everything (I, who could never lock up anything, except my heart in company).

Of course, it would have mattered nothing in the long run whether Mr. Barrie had meekly taken Mr. Greenwood's advice and continued in the provinces; for such gifts as his are not dependent for their application upon residence in any particular place; genius, like murder, will out. But what a romance has been the career of this remarkable man: to come to London with a few manuscripts in his wallet and endless stories in his head, and to ply his pen with such ready acceptance that, lo, in a few years, he had become the talk of the town: at thirty, one of the most popular novelists of the day; at forty, the most successful dramatist in the history of our stage. There are many people, especially among his own countrymen, who cannot understand his turning to the stage. Certainly all his traditions were against his cultivating the drama; but stronger than all tradition is one's personal inclination, and a study of Mr. Barrie's early (and never-to-be-republished) newspaper writings has shown to me that love of the playhouse has always been with him as strong as it was with Charles Lamb. In these early journalistic contributions, he is continually turning to subjects connected with the theatre; but it is doubtful if he ever, in his wildest flights of imagination as a young journalist, foresaw himself and his dramatic works the most discussed topics of a later day.

"Declined with Thanks"

My note on Mr. Maartens last week suggested a word or two on the treatment of unknown writers at the hands of publishers. Sir Walter Besant had a fixed belief that a manuscript, which no publisher could be found to produce at his own risk, should not be issued by the author. This is sheer nonsense, though Besant gave it the weight of his authority. You heard that Mr. Maartens was forced to print his first book himself; quite recently, Mr. J. J. Bell made about £4,000 out of a tiny book, "Wee Macgreegor," for which no publisher would make an offer, though the author would have sold the entire copyright for ten pounds. Think of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair": refused by *Colburn's Magazine* as lacking in interest, although written expressly for that publication, and refused by every publisher to whom it was afterwards submitted, Thackeray publishing it at his own risk. The same is true of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." Keble's "Christian Year" was offered to a publisher for £20, and finally published at its author's risk, bringing him in, it is said, £40,000 during his lifetime. "Rejected Addresses," by James and Horace Smith, was offered to Murray for £20 and rejected, the Smiths bringing out the book at their own expense, and netting upwards of £1,000 from its sixteen editions, when Murray bought the remaining copyright for £131.

The Courtneys

The appearance of Mr. W. P. Courtney's important work, "A Register of National Bibliography" (Constable), on which he has been engaged for many years, reminds me that I have noted frequent confusion even among those who should

have been better informed as to the distinctions between the Courtneys, whose names are more or less familiar to newspaper readers. Bookmen are aware, of course, that Mr. William Leonard Courtney, M.A., is the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and literary and dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph:* in short, one of the most influential critics of the day. He is no relative of Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, formerly M.P. for Bodmin, and, like the editor of the *Fortnightly*, a distinguished scholar. But Mr. Leonard H. Courtney is the eldest brother of Mr. William Prideaux Courtney, the well-known authority on bibliography, and contributor to the "Dictionary of National Biography," who spent over a quarter of a century in the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, who is now over seventy years of age, has been a frequent contributor to the *Times* and the *Nineteenth Century*. There is a third member of this distinguished Cornish family, Mr. J. M. Courtney, who has had a notable career in Canada. Mr. W. L. Courtney's is a familiar figure in Fleet Street; would be a noticeable one anywhere. No man could look less like a bookworm, a man of the pen; rather does his tall and finely proportioned figure suggest an officer of the Guards, his frank, open face, and somewhat "military" moustache heightening the suggestion. Mr. W. L. Courtney, who was born at Poona, India, in January, 1850, his father having been an Indian official, had a most distinguished career at Oxford, and, after spending three years as head-master of his old school at Bath (Somersetshire College), returned to Oxford, where for thirteen pleasant years he was a Don. Doubtless, a hankering after more exciting ways of life led him to renounce the quiet of Oxford for adventures in literary London, to which he came at the age of forty. He edited *Murray's Magazine* in its later days, and in 1894 became editor of the *Fortnightly*, which he still conducts with great resource and judgment. For a good many years, his signed articles on books of the day have been an important feature of the *Daily Telegraph*, and these are always characterised by broad-mindedness and generosity, virtues none too common, and the more to be welcomed in one of such ripe scholarship. I have heard him urge that charity is the greatest virtue of a reviewer. As dramatic critic of the *Telegraph*, he has returned to his old love; for he was one of the founders of the O.U.D.C., and no better criticism of the drama is now being written in London than that from his pen. Mr. Courtney is also a director of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Limited, the old-established publishing firm. His earlier books were concerned with philosophy and the metaphysics of John Stuart Mill; his more recent works, with aspects of literature; and he has some plays to his credit, one of which, "Kit Marlowe," was produced at the St. James's twelve years ago.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. W. L. Courtney

Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and literary and dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*

Shaw, Shakespeare, Johnson, and Blank Verse

In an American magazine this week, I have been reading a long and richly Yankee article on Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the sub-headings of which will indicate its fine spread-eagle style: "The Most-talked-of Literary Man of the Day. His Rise from an Irish Peasant Lad. His Method of Work and his Dramatic Aim." Truly, he has succeeded in getting America by the ears, as I said the other week, and a friend of mine, who has recently been across the Atlantic, tells me that on the steamers, in the hotels, everywhere, he came across the literary trail of "G.B.S." Mr. Shaw is a very clever man, and is by no means so green as his birthplace. We have all known for some time that Shakespeare did not reach the high literary standard which "G.B.S." has constantly before him; but I did not understand, until his recent criticism of the Stratford poacher and playwright—by the way, Shakespeare's career was almost as interesting as Mr. Shaw's—that it extended to his use of blank verse—the popular mode of Shakespeare's day. Mr. Shaw has a great contempt for this form of literary expression, and believes that a cat could be taught it! I cannot imagine many points of agreement between Mr. Shaw and Dr. Johnson, but this recalls to me the fact that Johnson had a great contempt for blank verse. Dr. Maxwell, in his reminiscences, quoted by Boswell, says:—

> He was no admirer of blank verse, and said it always failed unless sustained by the dignity of the subject. In blank verse, he said, the language suffered more distortion, to keep it out of prose, than any inconvenience or limitation to be apprehended from the shackles and circumspection of rhyme.

And Boswell, himself, mentions Johnson's preference for rhyme, which he illustrates with a very characteristic anecdote. But you will notice an important difference in the Johnson and the Shaw points of view: in the one case, it is the difficulty of blank verse that is present in the mind of the critic; in the other, it is its ludicrous simplicity. I prefer Johnson's opinion, which enhances rather than lessens one's estimate of Shakespeare, whose blank verse is always "sustained by the dignity of the subject." Milton, also, was no noodle in his use of this poetic form, and "Paradise Lost"—to which a foreword tells us that "rime does but shackle the poet"—I esteem even more highly than I do "Man and Super-Man."

The Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court

Scenery in the Exhibition Grounds: Old houses and natural arch rock, with realistic sea effects in the distance

The Queen's Palace, which has been newly decorated, and inside which is the "Daily Graphic's" popular exhibit

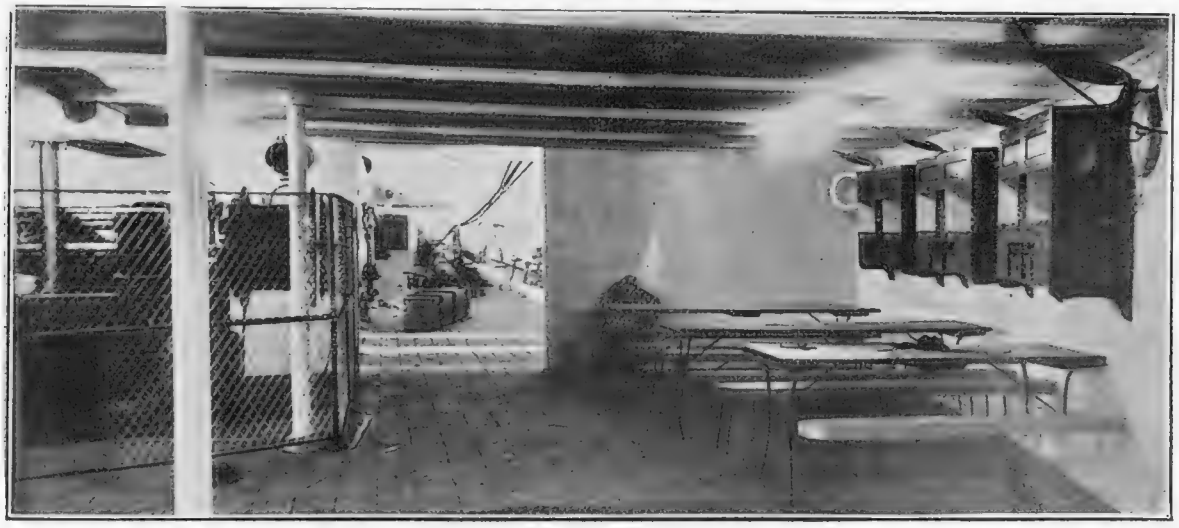
The "D. G." exhibit consists of a huge map of the world in relief upon which models of all ships in the British Navy are placed. Information is sent daily as to the movements of the Fleet in all parts of the world, and the various positions of ships from day to day are shown on the map

Photos by *Topical Agency*

The bandstand decorated with portraits of famous Admirals

The Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court

An Old-World Corner: View of Fishing Village (not unlike Clovelly), with cliffs in background. On the right is a realistic model of Nelson's flagship, H.M.S. "Victory"



"Life on a Cruiser" at Earl's Court: The men's mess-room

Photos by *Topical Agency*

"Life on a Cruiser" at Earl's Court: The aft deck

As announced in THE BYSTANDER a week or so back, a large cruiser has been fitted up in the grounds on which the discipline and routine, which is the daily lot of officers and men in the Senior Service, will be shown

LAWN TENNIS

PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON—INTERNATIONAL MATCHES

By H. S. Scrivener

The task of the prophet who treats of any outdoor pastime in England is bound to be a somewhat hazardous one, for the rosiest anticipations may be falsified by the vagaries of our elusive climate, and with lawn-tennis players, as with cricketers, it is really the clerk of the weather—an official who is at once wayward and incorruptible—who holds the destinies of men in the hollow of his hand. Last year he was all smiles, the year before all frowns. What is his mood going to be in the coming season? The most that can be said is that we have before us all the makings of a good season, and that, on that account, we hope that he will see fit not to spoil it.

P. de Borman (Belgium)
Who has cultivated a new forehand "lifting" drive, which is more effective than graceful

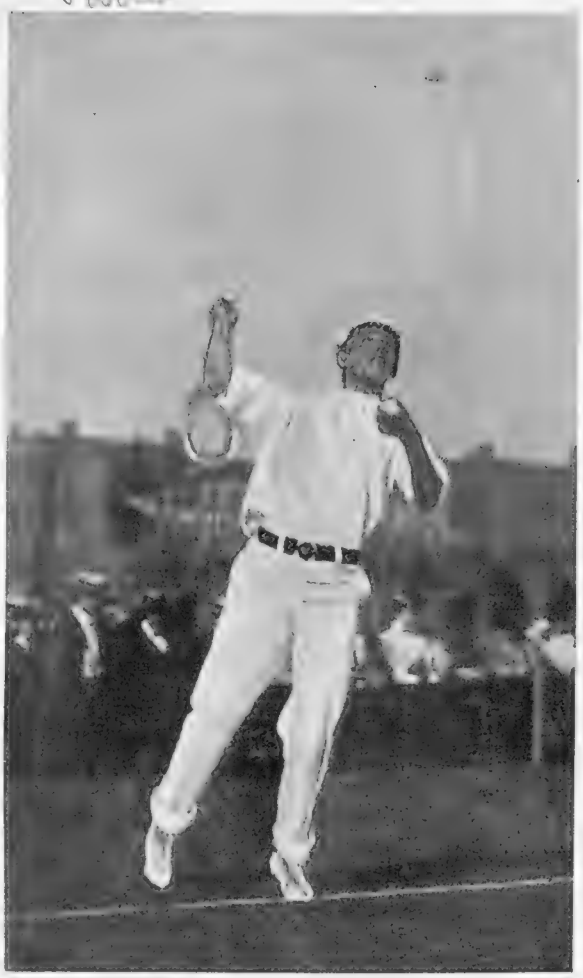
The International Matches

First of all, in point of importance, there are the International matches, which have done as much as anything to revive the interest of the general public in the game. It has been contended that lawn tennis is the most cosmopolitan of games, and the list of nations who aspire to the honour of conquering England certainly helps to bear out that contention. France, Austria, Belgium, Australasia, and the United States, will compete against each other for the right to challenge the British team, and the various ties, which will be played, some at Queen's Club and some at Wimbledon, will last (assuming that all the teams come up to the scratch) from July 8 to July 24, the challenge tie, at Wimbledon, being fixed for July 21, 22, and 24. The comparative lateness of these dates is awkward, but seemingly unavoidable. The English Committee naturally wished to have the challenge tie after the All-England Championships (which finish in the first week of July), the results of which will aid them in the selection of their team; and to have the preliminary ties before the Championships, and the challenge tie after them, would mean detaining one visiting team (the ultimate challengers) for a longer time in England than would be altogether fair. By the present arrangement, any of the competing teams are free to come over in time to play in the Championships, if they choose, but no one is bound to appear before July 8. The prevailing opinion, of course, is that the Americans will be our ultimate challengers. Last season they did not send a team, because their best men were not available, but there was such a "rumpus" over this in America, owing, doubtless, to the feeling that the country which instituted the Cup, and held it for the first three years, ought not to "back down" for such pusillanimous reasons, that the excuse is not likely to be repeated. Moreover, it is said, that their best men *will* be available this time—if we except their ex-champion, M. D. Whitman, who seems practically to have given up the game—and with Holcombe Ward (their present champion), W. A. Larned (champion 1901 and 1902), the brothers Wrenn, and W. J. Clothier, to pick from, they can, at least, feel confident of a run for their money. Belgium will probably rely upon their last year's representatives, P. de Borman, who has cultivated the forehand "lifting" drive successfully, but to the verge of ugliness, and W. Lemaire, a neat and effective player; but France is a somewhat doubtful quantity, for her champion, Max Decugis,

Holcombe Ward (America)
Present champion of America, who will represent his country in the coming International Tournament

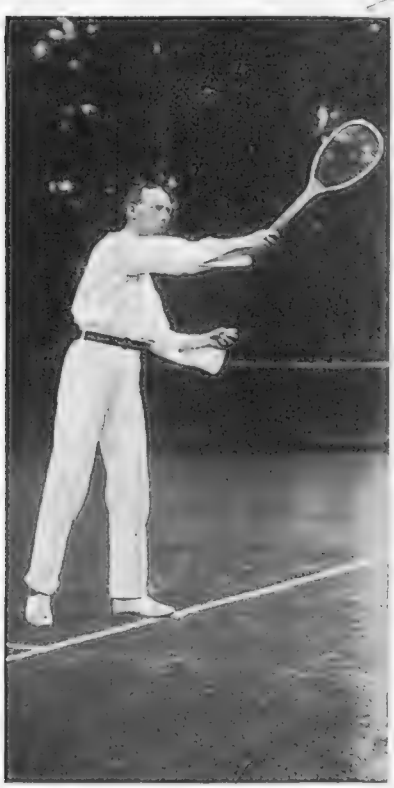
is to be married in June, and, therefore, probably—like the invited guest in the parable — cannot come; and France without a Decugis would almost be worse off than England without a Doherty. Australasia have two representatives already in this country, Dr. W. V. Eaves, an old stager, but still one of the best, and A. F. Wilding, the Cambridge crack, and, perhaps, the most promising of the rising generation. But, apart from *the* International, they have also challenged England to what would be termed in football a "friendly" six-a-side match; so, evidently, there is no dearth of players willing to make the long journey for the sake of a whack at the Old Country. In the International, their first opponents are Austria, whom we may expect to see represented by C. von Wesseley and R. Kinzl; America plays Belgium, and the survivors play France, while the winners of this tie will play the winners of Austria *v.* Australasia for the right to play England. When we took the Cup from America, we were represented solely by the Dohertys; last year, in its defence against Belgium, we relied upon H. L. Doherty and F. L. Riseley in the Singles, and R. F. Doherty and H. L. Doherty in the Doubles match. These three, and any two of them, should be good enough to win, and if we have to go further afield there is S. H. Smith, the equal — at least — of Riseley in Singles, whose only drawback is a weak knee liable to "go" at inopportune moments. Even if we have to go beyond Smith, we are not necessarily doomed to fare worse, though it might be invidious to mention any more names.

(To be continued.)



W. A. Larned (America)

Who defeated R. F. Doherty last year in the Singles' Championship of the U.S.A.



S. H. Smith (England)

F. L. Riseley (England)

Either Smith or Riseley will probably be chosen to make up the third representative for England with the brothers Doherty for the defence of the International Lawn Tennis Cup, now held by England

A. F. Wilding (Australasia)

The Cambridge crack, and representative of Australasia

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell

The death of Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, which occurred last month, will be mourned as sincerely and as keenly in golfing as in cricketing circles. Mr. Mitchell has, alas! not lived to enjoy for any length of time the well-earned leisure to which his many admirable years of labour as an Eton master had so richly entitled him. Eton was very happy in the possession of two such splendid specimens of muscular Christianity as Mr. Mitchell and the Rev. E. Warre, who is just retiring from the head mastership. What Dr. Warre has been to the rowing community at Eton, Mr. Mitchell was to the cricketers. Both were children of the great school, both distinguished themselves in their chosen recreation at Oxford, and it is not too much to say that modern Eton would not be quite what it is if it had not enjoyed the fortune of possessing two such magnificent influences in its midst. Dr. Warre, happily, survives, and the humble individual who pens these lines, and who looks back to his period of "being up to Warre" as the time most fruitful for good, of his school life, may be permitted to wish him many long years of happy ease after his well-spent years of toil. But "dear old Mike," as many generations of Etonians have loved to call him, has gone down the dark road which we must all travel sooner or later. Although his fame as a cricketer overshadowed his golfing abilities, Mr. Mitchell was no mean opponent to meet on the links. He drove a very good ball with that characteristic half swing which seems so well adapted to most cricketers, while his short game, more especially his putting, was always sound, and sometimes, as I have occasion to know, most deadly. In days when golf was more or less unknown to the general public in England, he and one or two other Eton masters, kept the sacred lamp alight, and in my mind's eye I can still see him and his companions, armed with their golf clubs, driving up the Eton high street on many a half-holiday to play their game up in Windsor Park. In later years, Mr. Mitchell was very fond of the Sandwich links, and used to take a house for the summer holidays in the neighbourhood. Many a battle have I had with him over that delightful course, and a keener or more amiable opponent man could not wish to have. I remember, in particular, having to play him in the semi-final of the August Cup some ten years ago, and having the pleasure of being defeated, after a ding-dong struggle, at the nineteenth hole, he himself just failing to win the final. My chief recollection of our match concerns the phenomenal putting of my doughty old adversary, who seemed quite annoyed if he failed to hole every putt from the edge of the green. That showed the spirit of the man; he always aimed for the best, at golf as at every other pursuit he turned his hand to, and was never content to put up with mediocrity. What he did, he always did with all his might, and it will be many a long day before we find his equal in all the characteristics which go to make up the best type of English gentleman. It is hard to realise that we shall not see his fine, upstanding figure and his handsome, kindly face any more. I still seem to hear his stentorian "Steady!" ringing out from the Pavilion at Lord's, at the Eton and Harrow match, in the old days, where for so many, many years he sat and watched the results of his ever-patient endeavours to produce a victorious eleven for his beloved old school. I am sure that all golfing, to say nothing of hosts of other, readers of THE BYSTANDER, will join me in an expression of heartfelt sympathy and sorrow with the family of Mr. Mitchell in their grievous loss.

Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

The late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell

The well-known Eton master, who was such a prominent figure in the worlds of cricket and golf

The Coming Season

We shall soon be in the thick of the notable events of the golfing year, and by the time these lines are printed the many Easter club meetings all over the country will show us the form of the various likely competitors in the great amateur tournament at Prestwick. We are now coming to the most delightful period of the year for a golfer. The days are lengthening out, while the longest day is still comparatively far off. Courses are getting into their best shape, and even the muddy greens of the suburban links are putting on their proper green vestment. The coming season promises to be exceptionally rich in interest, both for professionals and amateurs, and I hope soon to have something to go upon, in the way of public performances, in estimating the chances of competitors of either class in the great events which this month and next will bring to us.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

NASTY

STINGY HUSBAND: "Please don't think that you can hoodwink me over money matters. Do you think I have lived all these years for nothing?"

WIFE: "I shouldn't be a bit surprised!"

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS

Go South for Easter or for Whitsun

Evergreen Bournemouth is a good mark for the Metropolitan motorist when the year is young. Away down through Ripley, on to Guildford, one leaves, at this point, the familiar Portsmouth road. Bending to the right the road south lies over that splendid ridge, the Hogs' Back. Climbing a mile up to it, the white track runs along the crest of that wave-shaped hill. Wide turf margins, bordering the open road, invite acceleration; the sight of our Surrey spread out on either side suggests the throttle. Steep the track, with sharp corners, through Farnham—whose high street is remarkable for the number of public houses—thence to Alton and Alresford. Leaving the latter town, one can either go to the right by the valley road to Winchester or, saving a mile, reach the famous old city by a straight road over the hills. Luncheon here, finding, if possible, time to glance at the cathedral; thence one can proceed *viâ* Romsey or Southampton—as the latter town suffers from traps and tramlines, the former is to be preferred. Up a steep hill, through an old archway, runs the road. A few miles beyond Romsey one passes the boundary of the New Forest, and enters upon, perhaps, the most picturesque portion of the run. At Easter, the yellow-green leaves of the beeches, the young foliage of the silver birch, and the evergreens, contrast with the hard look of the still leafless oaks. Gravelly roads traverse the Forest in several directions, but, perhaps, the best runs through Lyndhurst Frequent donkey-backs bridge the little streams that run under the road, but as no motorist would wish to hurry through this beautiful national park, any warning is unnecessary. From Lyndhurst, through low-lying, sleepy Christchurch, another eighteen miles, and it is sunny, sandy Bournemouth.

The Easter Motor Exodus

Motoring back from Bournemouth on the Tuesday after Easter, the gates of a level crossing, near Southampton, held us up. While waiting in company with a fly, no less than three other cars arrived at the barrier. The man on the box of the four-wheeler, who admired the silent running of our engine (which, by the way, had accidentally stopped), told us that he had never before seen so many cars about. He thought there must be some special attraction in the shape of a motor race, but on that point we reassured him. Easter time, no doubt, brings out nearly everything with a sparking plug. Several motor accidents, I am sorry to say, marred the holiday time—due, no doubt, to this sudden influx of vehicles. How far these regrettable incidents were due to bad driving, one cannot say, but I should guess that a good few motorists fresh to the wheel were travelling the road for nearly the first time. Where else the new recruits are to gain experience it is hard to say, but it seems hardly common sense that they should make their initial efforts on the King's highway.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A huge Hotchkiss car which will compete for the Gordon Bennett Cup

I am only voicing the feelings of many another motorist in stating emphatically that the authorities ought to compel every applicant for a license to pass a driving test of a really practical nature. As matters stand at present, anyone over sixteen is granted a license immediately, and the foolishness of this happy-go-lucky arrangement was manifested by a blind man applying successfully for a driving permit.

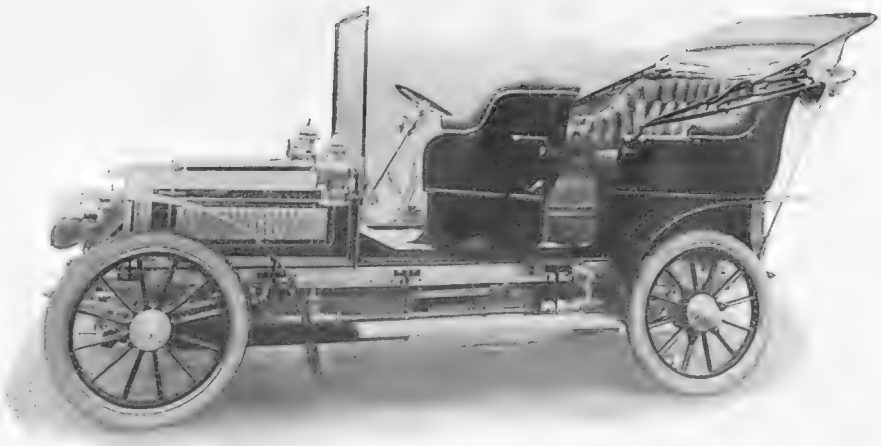


Photo by *Bassano, Ltd.*

The silver-plated chassis which created a sensation at Olympia

This chassis has now been fitted with a Morgan body. The complete car has been bought by Mr. John Shaw, a well-known colliery proprietor

When the Driver Has a Fit

The sudden death of a gentleman, while driving his motor, has called attention to the awkward position of the passengers in such circumstances. Many people ride in motors who know absolutely nothing about the mechanism, and such a one writes to a daily paper to ask, "What handle should he pull, what wheel should be turned, to stop the motor?" If such an unlikely thing happens, the passenger sitting beside the driver should at once press down the pedal nearest to him, viz., the clutch lever; if possible, too, the pedal next to it, which operates the brake, and should endeavour to keep the car straight with the wheel (remembering that turning the wheel to the right guides the car to the right, and vice versâ). If anyone is sitting immediately behind the driver, in the tonneau, he should at once lean forward, and, grasping the outside lever of the two or three he sees, put the hand-brake hard on, remembering that the majority of brakes are applied by pressing the brake-lever forward, a few pulling towards the driver. The chances of the driver having a fit or suddenly expiring whilst the car is exceeding the limit are, I think, very remote. Still, if the driver looks pale, nervous passengers should insist on a thorough explanation of the brake mechanism before starting.

Spring Traps

One of the effects of the fatal accident at Markyate is a large increase in the number of police traps. Motorists should

BE ESPECIALLY CAREFUL

Near Andover, descending the hill into Middle Wallop.

Through Newbury.

Three miles either side of Hungerford.

(The police traps operating near these towns on the Bath road are moved daily.)

From Sawbridgeworth to Bishop Stortford.

A measured 250 yards in Teddington, opposite the Thames Yacht Club.

At Ardingbourne, four miles from Chichester on the Arundel road.

Through Cludham, four miles from Chichester, on the Portsmouth road.

Approaching Basingstoke from London, just after leaving Hook Village.

A measured distance a mile or two out from Lewes, going to Eastbourne.

On the Shoreham road, a measured quarter between Southwick and Fishersgate.

Between Leamington and Radford.

On Dale Hill, and half-way down Handcross Hill, on the Brighton road.

Alfred C. Hunter

Photo by *Park*

A new type of motor punt, which has just been completed at Richmond

It is engined with a 6 h.-p. two-cylinder engine, which is capable of propelling it at the rate of about ten miles an hour. The whole boat weighs 8 cwt., and has a pointed bow

PAVILION GLIMPSES

By E. H. D. SEWELL

England has certainly welcomed the Australian team—the twelfth, by the way, that has visited this country—with some weather typical of the month of May, as we nowadays see it. So much so that Mr. Darling's men have not really had a fair amount of practice before starting on the first match of their tour. Fortunately for them, their New Zealand tour kept them fairly fit, and there were certainly no traces of want of practice about the display of most of the men at the Palace this week. Hard as nails, as these men usually are, they will not be long proving what a good lot of cricketers they undoubtedly are.

Matters of Moment

Apart from the Australians, who will, however, certainly monopolise public attention this season, we have other cricket matters to attract our attention, among them, the recent election of a new President of the M.C.C., and the proposal to empower the fielding side to have a new ball whenever they like. Mr. C. E. Green, the well-known old Uppingham boy, who has played for more than one county, and who has been one of the hardest riders to hounds in Essex for years, is the President of the premier club for the year, and one can only wonder he has not been President long ere this. One of the keenest supporters of cricket in the land, it is an open secret that Essex, as a first-class cricketing county, would not exist without him. If ever a case of *bien choisi* existed, this is one.

Regarding the proposal about the new ball, it is surprising that such an one could ever be made. It did not, therefore, signify very much that it was withdrawn, by permission, so was not voted on at the special meeting held after the Marylebone C. C. annual meeting at Lord's on Wednesday, for had it been discussed and put to the vote it must have been cast out forthwith.

C. B. Fry

Who is again captaining the Sussex County team. "C. B's." wonderful athletic record, up to the end of 1904, included sixty-one "centuries" made in first-class cricket

Elevens on Paper

Of other general cricket topics, followers of the game everywhere are putting down England elevens on paper with a view to having the customary arguments when the names of the selected of Lord Hawke and Messrs. J. A. Dixon and P. F. Warner, who form the Selection Committee, make their appearance in print. It may be relied upon as fairly accurate that, for the first Test Match (which is the seventy-second between England and Australia), at Nottingham, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of this month, the old hands will be given the preference. The most promising of the professionals who has never yet played in a Test is the Northants bowler, Thompson (G. J.), who is also a reliable bat and a good field, the type of player who, like the late George Lohmann in his prime, is indispensable in present-day cricket. Whether the Hon. F. S. Jackson will captain England is a moot point, but such will probably prove to be the case. As a cricketer, his claims to play in all five tests are indisputable, but less is known of his generalship, though there is no reason why he should not be a very good leader.

The First Century

The first century of the season has been secured by David Denton, of Yorkshire, who scored at the rate of one run a minute in his first innings of the season, that against Somerset. Somebody will, however,

Photo by *Hawkins*

Denton (Yorkshire), hero of the first century of the season

Against Somerset, Denton scored 107 in the first innings

Dr. W. G. Grace

The veteran, looking fit and well, captained the Gentlemen of England in their match against the Australians

have to take Lord Hawke in hand, and insist upon Rhodes being kept to the bowling crease only. He is only three short of a three-figure innings in his first innings of this season, at the time these random notes are made, and his run-getting ardour must be curbed, for it depreciates that national asset, his bowling sting.

Photo by] **The Australian Team** [*Advance Agency*

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Gehrs, Howell, Armstrong, Laver (Manager), Hopkins, Newlands
SECOND ROW: Duff, Hill, Trumper, Darling (Captain), Noble (Vice-Captain), McLeod, Kelly
SITTING DOWN: Gregory, Cotter

Lingfield Park May Meeting

The race for the Skeynes Plate, won by Major Tristram's "Witney"

Returning to Scale after the Lingfield Hunters' Steeplechase: Won by Lord Harlinge s "Geologist"
Mr. Arthur Coventry (the starter) is on the back

Photos by *Rouch*

The Club Lawn at Lingfield

The Hastings Dog Show

PRIZEWINNERS IN DIFFERENT CLASSES

Mr. F. Bottomley's champion bitch whippet, "Manorley Marigold"

Mr. Cox's champion greyhound, "Dark Cloth"

Lieut.-Col. C. Heseltine's "Proctor," champion fox terrier

Mr. B. Hugo's "Norbiton Chubbie," winner of class for bitches not exceeding 40 lb.

Photos by

Mr. W. Charlwood's "Sobreski," 3rd in maiden class Borzois

Baker and Dixon

Mr. C. H. Wheeler's "Edgebaston Danby," champion collie

A Woman's Note Book

This is the age of the schoolboy. He has become a problem to those possessed by an analytical tendency, and our daily papers and monthly magazines testify to the commotion he, or rather that section of the public which is interested in him, has created upon the subject within the past few weeks. We have schoolboys from all points of view—schoolboys regarded solemnly as to their intellects, peered into for their morals, discussed physically, hygienically, philosophically, and last—and least also, with a disappointing want in this direction—searched for their manners. We have the views of head masters upon their pupils, and, with the equality of a democratic age, the frank opinions of the pupils upon head masters.

The Inwardness of the Schoolboy

Meanwhile, the schoolboy remains to all outward appearance the same—a thoughtless, grubby, manner-less creature, who can sometimes play cricket, but never spell; endowed with a few elementary ideas, chiefly consisting in a boundless scorn of education, a delight in throwing stones, killing, hitting, or damaging *something*, and an abnormal appetite for jam tarts. What may be beneath the surface it is impossible to say, and, truth to tell, I for one would rather not peer too closely. That there is, perhaps, such a thing as a psychology of the schoolboy, with whole realms of unsuspected thoughts and feelings, I am not denying; only if it is there—let it rest. It is, indeed, quite against the intention of this youthful phenomenon that we should find out—at least, as the poor say, to defend their dignity, the schoolboy knows how "to keep hisself to hisself." And a good thing, too; we might do worse than respect his reserve; he is the only creature in these introspective days who never bores us with egotistical discourses we have no desire to hear. Indeed, if he is a problem at all, it is in the eyes of other busy-bodies, never in his own.

Photo by *E. K. Murphy*

Big-Game North of the Zambesi River: A fine pig

When the bridge which crosses the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls is finished, and the line continued to Kalomo, in N.W. Rhodesia, some of the finest shooting in the world will be open to sportsmen. At present, in N.E. and N.W. Rhodesia, big game is well protected by licenses. When the railway is continued to the "Broken Hill Mine," near "Mwomboshi River," where the above photo was taken, the shooting will be every bit as good. Elephants, eland, zebra, kudu, hartebeest, waterbuck, and other game abound

The Schoolboy a Simple Creature—

But after all, *is* the schoolboy an insoluble problem? I think not. I believe that his mental machinery is wonderfully simple, and it is only our undue love of mystery that invests him with all sorts of complex ideas, which are in reality far from troubling his easy-going mind. I don't *like* schoolboys. I never knew one who could be persuaded to take his hands out of his pockets, or refrain from whistling, or come into a room without knocking something over, or keeping his hands clean, or eat his food slowly, or, in short, be anything but a boor, and a bore to his elders. But for all that, I must do them the justice to own that they are a thoroughly healthy race; and while lamentably free from the attractions their sister, the schoolgirl, may possess, they have other advantages she cannot claim. They do not understand nerves, nor discontentments, nor problems; they have no great enthusiasms, no exacting requirements, and no disillusionments or disappointments either. They take the world as they find it, and they find it merely "all right" or "good enough": if it is fine they go out; if they are kept in, they suck toffee and draw caricatures on the walls; if you insult them, they find ample compensation in revenge, unless, with easy good-nature, they forget the injury first. They don't ask much; indeed, they don't *want* much; they don't care particularly how they occupy themselves, or if they fail to occupy themselves at all. There is only one thing they loathe—and avoid—that is work.

With Promising Faults

This is the creature that will shortly begin to suffer from our too great interest. Are we preparing to make even schoolboys self-conscious, and to see a coming generation of young students with insomnia and indigestion, poring over Ibsen instead of revelling in Scott? The faults of the present-day schoolboy are unpleasant; but they are *promising;* and to what avail would it be to make him more thoughtful, if he should only think about himself? as he must do if he is so much considered, for his own importance will inevitably re-act upon him. He will find he has grievances, and a character, and a host of other things; and the discovery won't even improve his manners, or it might be *some* use. Tell the schoolboy he is an up-to-date problem, upon whose development rests the future of his country, and he is lost; but tell him he is an insufferable nuisance, in which we expect improvement later, while in the meantime he had better play cricket, and the result will be that in the future he and his country will be able to hold their own.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Connoisseur

Some Arts of Old Japan*

Whistler considered Hokusai the greatest pictorial artist since Vandyke, long before the bulk of European painters welcomed the gifts of their brothers of Japan; but to-day there is no lack of those who will find parallel phrases to apply to the many artists of great periods of Japan. The painting, carving, metal work, ceramics, and, perhaps, above all, lacquer work, command the just admiration of the world now, and it is a little difficult to conceive that the zenith of Japanese perfection had been attained in most of these branches of art when our heads were, in the æsthetic sense, still in the shell. In a very interesting book by Mr. Stewart Dick, entitled "Arts and Crafts of Old Japan" (Foulis), recently published, the growth of these various branches of the tree of beauty is traced with sympathy and knowledge. When Japan, only fifty years ago, was thrown open to the Western nations, we were inclined, says Mr. Dick, in effect, to treat the Japanese as a barbaric people. This was, of course, merely the result of ignorance on our part, for their civilisation is not only older than ours, but, in some respects, has advanced much further.

The Cult of Beauty in Japan

In the cult of beauty they are educated to a degree far beyond Western standards, their arts are full of graces, which appeared at first, far too subtle and refined for our comprehension. As the author says, one is considered a visionary and a dreamer here if he hopes to see the day when the pleasures of art shall be the solace of the poor as well as the luxury of the rich. This happy state has existed in Japan for ages. The Japanese people have, as a race, loved beauty and understood it, with the result that, whatever form of art they use, they can express it with ease and grace. For thousands of years the Philistine hosts were kept at bay, and although they have entered now and profane the foundations of the applied arts, they have not yet destroyed the spirit of beauty which hangs, like the fragrance of their cherry blossom, about the wise and gentle mind of the people. It is thought by some that the influx of commercialism, and the debasing demand for quantity without quality, and, above all, cheapness, has sapped the love of beauty from Japan, and that the Eastern garden of the arts must now become a great industrial State. Even if the foul smoke of a Japanese Bradford or Hamburg should pour across the sublime heights of Fuji, and the bronze bowl of the great days be broken, we strongly feel that the "way of the Gods" would still make for an æsthetic renascence, and the old sense of art return revived and purified to the souls of the Japanese.

A Peacock. From a Kakemono by Ippo

In the British Museum collection

The Sway of the Sword-maker

During the last thousand years, from time to time, the country has been bathed in blood, and vast civil wars have done much to stamp out all arts but that of the sword-maker. Yet, after centuries of strife, those quiet sanctuaries of art, the Buddhist temples, still stood, and the old sense of beauty returned. In the earlier stages of the Tokugawa period, 1603-1867, the minor arts reached to the highest perfection, and it is to that period that the collector of the most charming pieces, either in porcelain, painting, lacquer, or carving, will turn. The example of a painting by Ippo, which we give, belongs to a period particularly attractive to Europeans, for it combines the highest decorative sense with a certain naturalism. The Shijo school, which is supposed to have been founded by Maruyama Okio, 1733-1795, broke away from many of the fine old conventions, but at the same time expressed nature with an elegance and feeling for decoration essentially the result of the earlier schools. Left to themselves, it is absolutely natural and simple for the Japanese to endower all they touch with beauty, and when, with their often displayed acumen, they have grasped the fact that—although the commercialists may want cheapness—the European markets can appreciate the beautiful, the wave of bad workmanship will pass over them, and they will renew that youthfulness of outlook, in which alone survives the antique spirit of art. To those who have studied art, but have not yet "heard the East a-calling," we can strongly recommend Mr. Dicks' most pleasing and useful book.

E. M.

* "*Arts and Crafts of Old Japan*" (*Foulis*)

Frocks, Frills, & Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

May at last! It has seemed a century arriving, this month of blossoms, and grumblings are rife as to the lateness of everything. But, happily for the mercantile welfare of our country, the most of us are optimistic, and with the shops literally brimming over with irresistible Spring seductions, regardless alike of weather and worries, we are shopping cheerily, absorbed in weighing the relative merits of cashmere and lainage, taffeta *souple*, and the reformed foulard, fighting an irrepressible temptation to indulge in one and all of the dainty decorative details of belts, cravats, jabots, etc., etc.

"A Pot-Pourri of Persuasion"

I like so much the fancy for running a narrow gathered white Valenciennes edging round the little turn-down collar of a dark cloth gown, or outlining the front of a chiffon vest. On a *chic* dark blue face cloth, the lace was just slightly tinted, and after defining the turn-over collar, which was cut just a trifle *décolleté*, it was continued down either front, while a bright scarlet and white spot knotted cravat struck a delightful note of contrast. Then, for those fussy little outstanding grandfatherly frills, it is usual to provide a foundation of fine muslin or *lisse*, closely pleated and edged with Tom Thumb lace. Which reminds me to tell of a white slip blouse, a slight, filmy thing, of French batiste and lace, resting wholly for its virtue on material and cut. There is an exceedingly deep yoke, inlet with lines of Valenciennes insertion, and united to the finely tucked lower half by diamond *motifs* of embroidered lawn. These minute details are always incomprehensible in writing, but the features which I would indicate, comprise a cascaded frill of lawn and lace down the front, and rucked sleeves, which fit the arm closely, upheld by lines of Valenciennes insertion, and finishing with deep, graceful ruffles over the hands.

An alliance of fancy spot net and Valenciennes lace, with applied *motifs* of a heavier lace, or the ubiquitious embroidered muslin, is responsible for a number of pretty slips, while an equally strong inclination prevails for those diaphanous *chiné* muslins, patterned over in delicate floral designs; and these, like the rest, are prodigally befrilled with Valenciennes lace.

A simple and attractive tennis costume of Viyella

The very latest thing in boas is a prodigally pleated affair of fine net, which, like the furs of our winter affections, is worn with a swish and a swirl, one end hanging down the back. The net boa is newer than its chiffon prototype, although, if the truth be told, the latter is infinitely the more comfortable, and, personally, I think more becoming. Taking into consideration the complete absence of anything resembling strings—such a change of face from last year—it seems almost inevitable that the ruffled boa will live. Given the merest ghost of an encouragement, we fly—as a nation—to the saving grace of such an accessory. I am afraid—the fact must be admitted—that it takes a Parisian first, then an American, to go out "*in her figure*" with confidence. This year, it will be a question not so much of what our neck fitments are fashioned, as of how they are worn. With which piece of wisdom, I will pass on.

A Tradition Defied

It was told me, or I read it somewhere, that the black dress over white will be as popular as ever this season. Now, frankly, I fail to find this likely to prevail to any marked degree in any quarter.

I have
been thinking

that the Purity and Excellence of Cantrell & Cochrane's Ginger Ale must be unquestionable.

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the sources of water they use: The Famous St. Patrick's Well, and the Cromac Springs of Ireland. These are the purest waters known.

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A smart chine silk bridge coat, made in Louis XV. style

(*Drawn by K. Pieydel Young*)

There is, on the contrary, every indication that the black gown will be conspicuous by its absence, the whole preponderance of favour going towards delicate pompadour colours, soft, neutral tints, and white. But the *blanche* note will certainly not find any conspicuous emphasis until the summer is well advanced, and only then if the weather encourages the effort.

The *lingerie* hat, too, which is quite a millinery factor, is sure to have its moment of peril, but it is not likely we shall resist its fascinations for "a' that." Decked about with one of the favourite variegated wreaths, composed of little rosebuds, mimosa, forget-me-nots, etc., there is no more bewitching *chapeau* than one of these embroidered muslin affairs, and they look so well, surmounting a pin-line striped taffeta, made very simply and smartly, and also privileged to carry some decorative detail of muslin embroidery.

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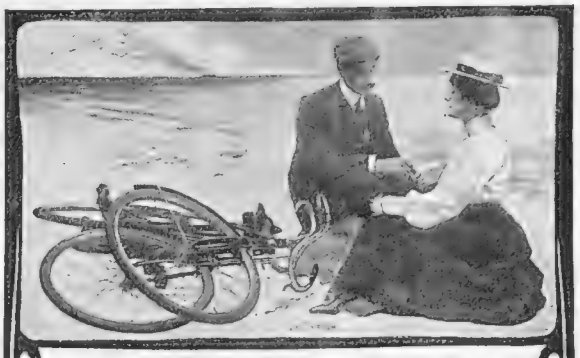

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So universal has been the demand of late for this desirable fabric, that the firm are now providing a new costume cloth, which, in accordance with latter-day decrees, they are offering in a forty-six-inch width, and taking into consideration the numerous pretty and varied designs and colourings to be obtained in this quality, it seems an inevitable conclusion that our tennis and golf dresses this summer will find expression in this light, unshrinkable, woollen weave. To which end, a pictured suggestion is here offered.

It will be seen at a glance how completely graceful in line and aspect is the simple, attractive design, although it requires a few descriptive words to indicate that a white ground, pin-striped with pale blue, is the colour scheme selected, with touches of white embroidered canvas lace applied in yoke form and at the wrists of the comfortable sleeves. The manner in which the bodice strappings are arranged is singularly good, and offers an excuse for the presence of some fancy blue enamel buttons, and nothing could present a smarter neck completion than the little turn-over collar of embroidered muslin and cravat of black *souple* satin.

A Bridge Coat à la Louis XV.

To those who, like myself, have found a rôle in life in observation, few things have caused more amused amazement than the way the word Bridge has been ruthlessly tacked on to any *semi-negligée* garment that came along. From a practical point of view, these efforts were wholly illogical, and if it is in any way necessary to acknowledge a special attire at all for the pastime—which I think, myself, is open to question—then let it, in the name of sense, take some such form as the Louis XV. coat illustrated.

We will take it, as within the bounds of possibility, that an enthusiast, asked to an afternoon bridge party, may be induced to extend her visit over dinner, and in view of such a contingency, there is reason, as well as elegance, in the design illustrated. The more so, if the gown beneath is arranged to meet dinner exigencies, when the coat can be dispensed with, the latter, on the other hand, facing the garish light of day with all aplomb, supplemented by a feather or tulle boa, and a sympathetic *chapeau*.

A *chiné* silk, soft rose and attendant foliage, melting into a ground of oyster white, is responsible for fabricating medium, the cuffs being faced back with pastel green satin, outlined by a narrow silk *galon*, in which the pompadour colours are repeated, while a tiny waistcoat of the same satin, similarly ornamented, serves to hold the coat to the figure, notwithstanding the semi-fitting front. For the rest, there are draped revers and sleeve ruffles of soft lace, which go to complete a gown typical of the hour.

The Menu

Perhaps some of my readers will be interested to know of the Cookery Exhibition which is now being held at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square. I was present at the opening by the Duke of Connaught, and took particular notice of the following dishes :—

Farced Quails, with Small Ribbon Macaroni.
Chicken Bouchées, with Asparagus Tips.

FARCED QUAILS, WITH SMALL RIBBON MACARONI

INGREDIENTS.—Four quails, one small tin foie-gras, 2 oz. ham, two truffles, one glass port wine, one tablespoonful Indian chutney, one gill of good gravy, one teaspoonful red currant jelly, ¼ lb. chicken farce, ½ lb. nouille paste, 1 oz. butter, seasoning.

Bone the quails, season the inside, and coat with a very light chicken farce, to which a little rich cream has been added, insert a fair-sized piece of foie-gras in the centre of each and truss the birds for braising; braise them in the usual way, and when done, glaze them and let cool. To the vegetables in which the quails were braised, add the bones, and fry them a little over a quick fire; pour off the fat, and add the sauce and a little stock, reduce well, add the port wine, red currant jelly, and chutney, and keep all hot with the quails. Make a neat border of paste, fix it on a round entrée dish, brush over with egg, and bake. With the remainder of this paste make very small nouilles (cut into fine shreds). Cook these in salted water, and drain. Next sauté them in butter, season to taste, and mix with finely shredded ham or tongue. Range this in the form of a pyramid in the dish with prepared border. Dress the quails on top, pour the sauce over carefully, and send the remainder of the sauce to table.

CHICKEN BOUCHÉES, WITH ASPARAGUS TIPS

INGREDIENTS.—4 to 6 oz. puff-paste trimmings, one small chicken, freed from skin and bones, 1½ gill asparagus points (cooked and drained), ½ gill velouté sauce, seasoning, ½ gill good gravy, half a pint white chaud-froid sauce, one truffle, two or three slices of tongue, two or three tablespoonfuls cream, ¼ gill mayonnaise sauce, a border of aspic.

Roll out the paste thinly, stamp out eight or nine small rounds to fit small bouche moulds; line each with this, prick the bottom, and fill with dried peas or rice; bake them to a golden brown, and place the crusts on a sieve to cool. Pound the chicken finely in a mortar, add a little velouté sauce, the gravy and sufficient cream to bind, season to taste, and rub through a fine sieve. With this, fill eight or nine small butttered dariole moulds to fit the crusts, put into the centre of each a tablespoonful of asparagus points, previously seasoned with mayonnaise, poach them in the oven for thirty minutes, unmould, and let cool. Now mask each shape with chaud-froid sauce, and decorate with truffles and fancifully cut slices of tongue. Coat each with aspic, and keep on the ice till required, placing them in the prepared crusts. Dish them up on a border of aspic, and fill the centre of the dish with asparagus salad.

I must not forget to mention the Danish Junket Tablets, put up in glass tubes, containing twenty-four tablets, each guaranteed to convert one quart of new milk into junket. These tablets are free from salt, which is so often perceptible in the ordinary Rennet, and are far superior. They can be obtained at Chr. Hansen's Depôt, 77, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E.

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03024 ,, ,, (Part 2).

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MELBA—
03037 Addio.

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53372 In quelle trine morbide.
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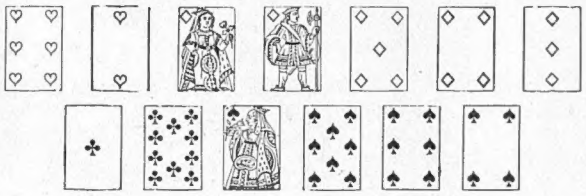
Seventh Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DECLARE AS DUMMY, AND WHY?

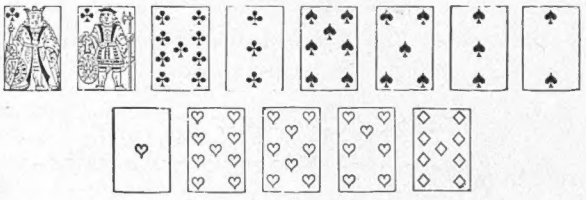
PROBLEM XIX.

Game All: Love-all.



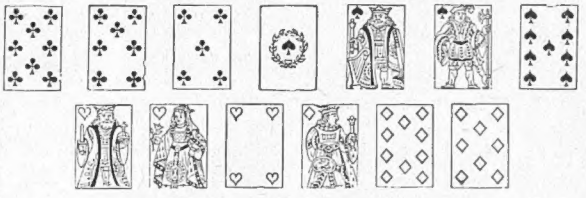
PROBLEM XX.

Game All: 24-all.



PROBLEM XXI.

Game All: 24-all.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XIX., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the seventh week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, May 15, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

FIFTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XIII.-XV.

Six competitiors obtained full marks; and from these we have selected the three sets of solutions best entitled to prizes.

1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

E. M. Edmonds, Esq., Varteg, Pontypool, Mon.

2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

E. Lupton May, Esq., 68, Pentonville Road, London, N. Mrs. Thomson, Budleigh Salterton, Devon.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving Problems XIII., XIV., and XV., in our Quarterly Competition:

15, Miles, Mugwump, Chicane, Simplicity, Blue, Luppy; 14, Pons, Special Scotch, Ina I., Fantôme, Dogger, Errst, Sunny Jim, Bay, Seagull, Star, Swansfield, Hockey, Horatio; 13, Pool, Puffin Boy, Toil, Arms, Chlorodyne, Eileen, L.S.D., Joker I., Simplex; 12, Scrutator, Raniput, Notxum, Bulbs, Moor, Toft; 11, Peter, Oltonia, Rock; 10, P.M.S., Captain Cuttle, Scrap Heap, Watadam, Ganmdin, Not 'Arf, Electricity, Darkie, Lance Fieldoak, Cave Canem, Zif I., Zif II., Tylhus, Kirkland II., Ap Twm, Garrison, Alexander, White Cat; 9, Essen, Mucross, Trixie, Bridge of Sighs, Awapuni, Calcutta, Lucia, Blockhead, Bis dat qui cito dat, Crocks, Moth, Strategy, Joker II.; 8, Nip; 7, Sauchieleigh, Badger, Brown Cat; 6, Noxious, Wantacas, Kirkland I., Mad, Wavre; 5, Eblow, Melai, Waverley, Sackbut, Ina II., Pelican, Augur, Cumtux, Puck II.; 4, Mate, Rifleman, Bijou, Laleham, Viking, Mammon, C. A. M., Willimoteswick, Scrutator, Tic-Tac; 3, Chippie.

We have allotted the following *noms-de-guerre*:—E. N., "Art"; R. C. S., "Apple"; E. H., "Augur"; J. D. W., "Blue"; D. M., "Levant"; E. A. F., "Rock"; F. W. T., "Moor"; E. M. S., "Toft."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. H. We are afraid it is too late, since solutions have been published.—Diana. You obtained six marks.—Bis dat qui cito dat. (1) Yes; (2) Yes.—Simplicity. It means that you missed points.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XIII.—XV.

PROBLEM XIII.—Hearts. It is a little dangerous, since the odd trick gives your adversaries game. But with that spade suit, it is a hand of considerable possibilities, and, seeing that you are behind, worth taking a risk on. The ruff of clubs adds, at any rate, to its defensive capacity.

PROBLEM XIV. — No-Trumps. It is an ace, knave above an average hand, with three suits protected. You are justified in leaving diamonds to your partner.

PROBLEM XV.—Hearts. It is again just a no-trump call, rather more than a king above the average hand, with three suits protected. But, on the whole, it is a better and much safer heart call. You are practically certain to score in hearts; and the game is not so far developed that you need force matters.

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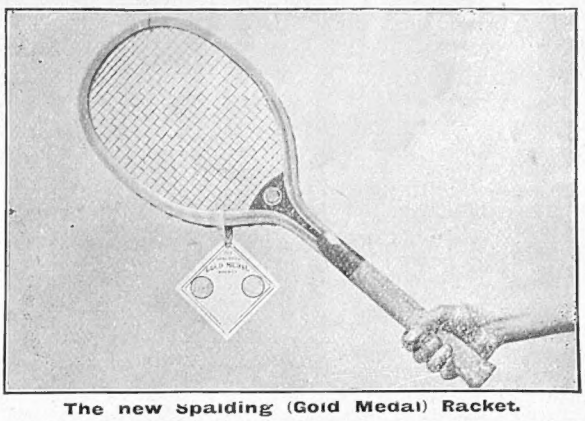

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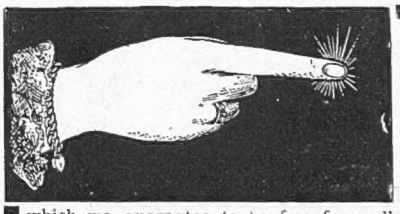

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Great Social Event at Stafford House

Stafford House, which has been the scene of many important and memorable gatherings in the cause of charity, will, by the kindness and courtesy of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, witness another, and a specially interesting one, on May 17, under the patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll). On that occasion, a grand concert, in which Madame Albani and other famous singers and instrumentalists have consented to take part, will take place in the suite of magnificent galleries and drawing-rooms, in aid of the Cottage and Orphans' Home Fund of the Furniture Trades' Provident and Benevolent Association. This society, founded two years ago, with Mr. S. J. Waring, Jun., as President, is now proceeding vigorously with the most important part of its work by the erection, at Radlett, in Hertfordshire, of the Cottage Homes, which it is proposed to establish for the training and education of the orphan children of furniture trade employés, left without adequate provision, and the opening of which will be shortly announced. The favoured visitors of May 17, will have an opportunity of seeing the historic rooms where, three-quarters of a century ago, the Duke of York and his companions of the card-table—including that prince of egoists, "Beau" Brummell—foregathered, in order to amuse themselves with the solemn and scientific game of whist. They will have an opportunity of seeing pictures, furniture, and objects of art, not to be surpassed in the richest and most complete galleries and museums. Then the concert itself ought to be a great attraction, remembering that Madame Albani, Madame Marion McKenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Dalton Baker, Mr. Plunkett Greene, Mr. Albert Archdeacon, and other well-known artists, will take part.

A Narrow Escape for Neptune

The planet Neptune was discovered in 1846, yet, says Sir Robert Ball, in "The Story of the Heavens" (which Messrs. Cassell and Company are publishing periodically), Neptune had a very narrow escape on at least one previous occasion of being discovered in a very simple way. It was found that the place of the planet on May 10, 1795, must have coincided with that of a so-called star recorded on that day in the "Histoire Céleste" of Lalande. By actual examination of the heavens, it further appeared that there was no star in the place indicated by Lalande, so the fact that here was really an observation of Neptune was placed quite beyond doubt. When reference was made to the original manuscripts of Lalande, a matter of great interest was brought to light. It was there found that he had observed the same star (for so he regarded it) both on May 8 and on May 10; on each day he had determined its position, and both observations are duly recorded. Yet it did not occur to him that it was a new planet, and it was left for another to discover and christen it "Neptune."

The new premises of the "Swan" Fountain Pen

This illustration of the new home of the "Swan" Fountain Pen will interest many of our readers. Visitors to Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Bard's new premises at 79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C., will find a roomy, well-adapted shop, with welcome convenience for customers who may sit and write notes, cards, glance over papers and weeklies, telephone their friends, and receive every attention and courtesy. On the first floor is a handsome show-room and the manager's office. Those purposing to call at the new show-rooms will find them opposite the Inns of Court Hotel, and not far from London's new thoroughfare, Kingsway.

The "La Flèche" Cigar

The "La Flèche" cigar is made from the finest tobaccos produced by Havana and St. Feli, Brazil. The leaves are selected and rolled by experts with extraordinary care, and the cigar, which is of a very pleasing appearance, is guaranteed free from all drugs and impurities. Intending purchasers need have no hesitation in sending remittance to Mr. Acker, Continental Export Company, Colmar, Alsace, who executes all orders with the greatest promptitude and care. Those who prefer to sample the brand before ordering a box can have a packet of twenty-five, post free, for 6*s.* 6*d.*, from the same address.

Sale at Messrs. J. W. Benson's

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of 25, Old Bond Street, W., have decided to continue, for a further few weeks, their Sale of the choice stock of a West End jeweller, which they recently purchased. Rings, pendants, bracelets, head ornaments, etc., etc., of the finest quality and newest patterns are offered at two-thirds of the original marked prices, an excellent opportunity for those purchasing by *The Times* system, the whole payment not being required at once, but spread over a lengthened period at no enhanced price.

A Funny Book

"The Foolish Dictionary" is a direct attack upon one's faculty of laughter. You open the book; you read; and then, by easy stages of smile, grin, and laugh, you find yourself in a condition for which the only descriptive word is—rollicking. The very name of the author, Gideon Wurdz, contains a hidden joke, and the little, crisp funniosities set out in dictionary form, with which the book is full, are each a tribute to the author's cleverness. As was to be expected, the book has had a good sale, and we understand from the publishers (Messrs. Dean and Son) that it is still going.

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